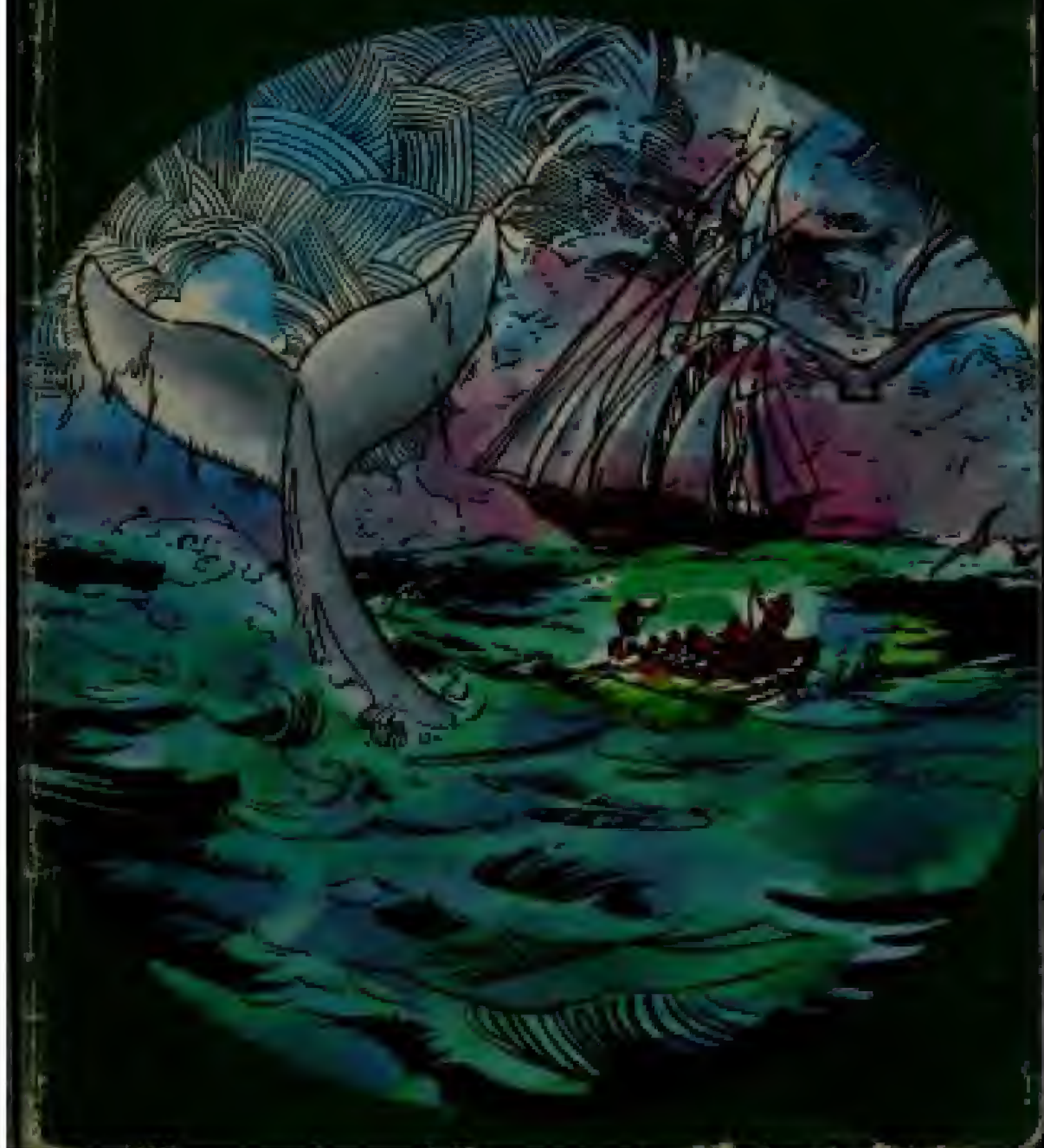


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HERMAN MELVILLE

Moby Dick



MOBY DICK

Herman Melville



Academic Industries, Inc.
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Herman Melville was born in 1819. His formal education ended in 1834, at age fifteen. For a time he was both clerk and school teacher, but the sea was his first love. He became a cabin boy on a merchant ship bound for England. Later, in 1841, Melville joined the crew of a whaling ship, the *Acushnet*, where he learned much of the background for *Moby Dick*.

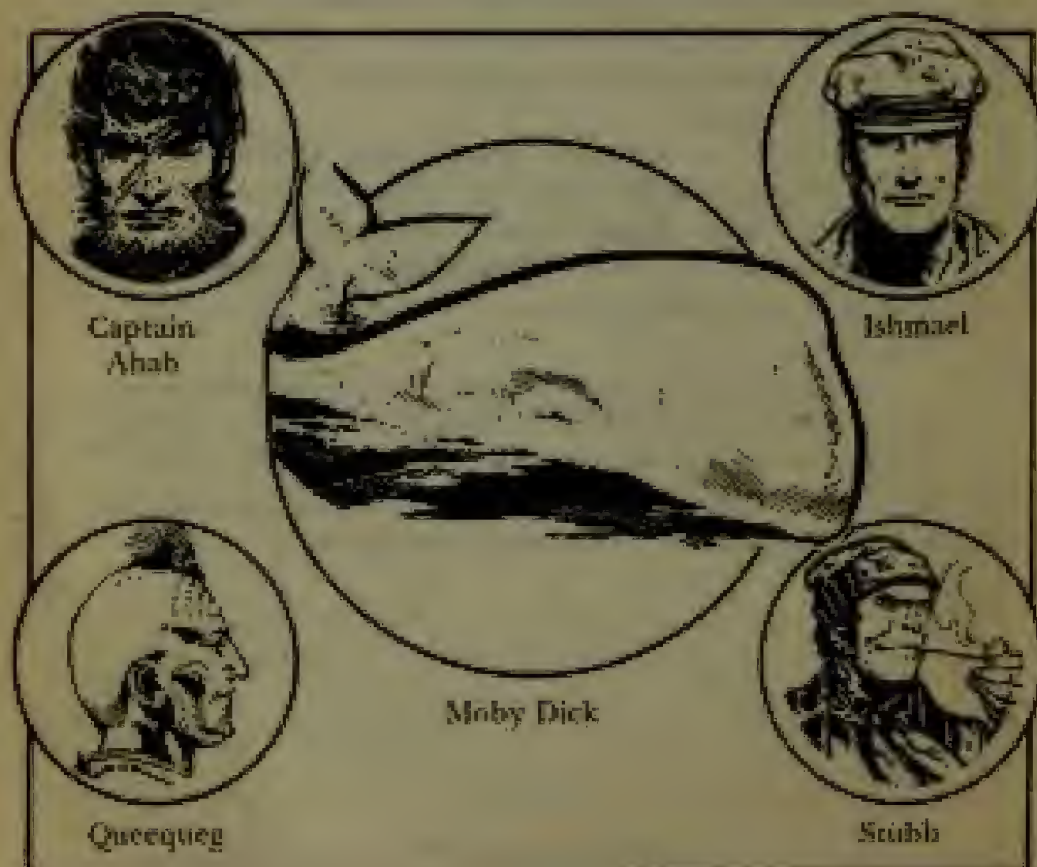
Melville was influenced by the writing of Nathaniel Hawthorne and dedicated *Moby Dick* to him. Melville felt that Hawthorne had an insight into human nature that few could surpass.

Melville, too, knew mankind mainly from living in many cultures. His life with the Taipis, cannibal natives, led him to write *Typee*. From a mutiny he experienced, he wrote *Omoo*. One of his later books, and most heart-rending is *Milly Hudd*—the story of a young and severely abused seaman.

In spite of his unusual creative ability, Melville spent nineteen years of his life as a customs officer in the ports of New York City. Not until after his death was he truly appreciated as an author. Today *Moby Dick* is considered to be one of the greatest, if not the greatest, American novel.

Herman
Melville

MOBY DICK



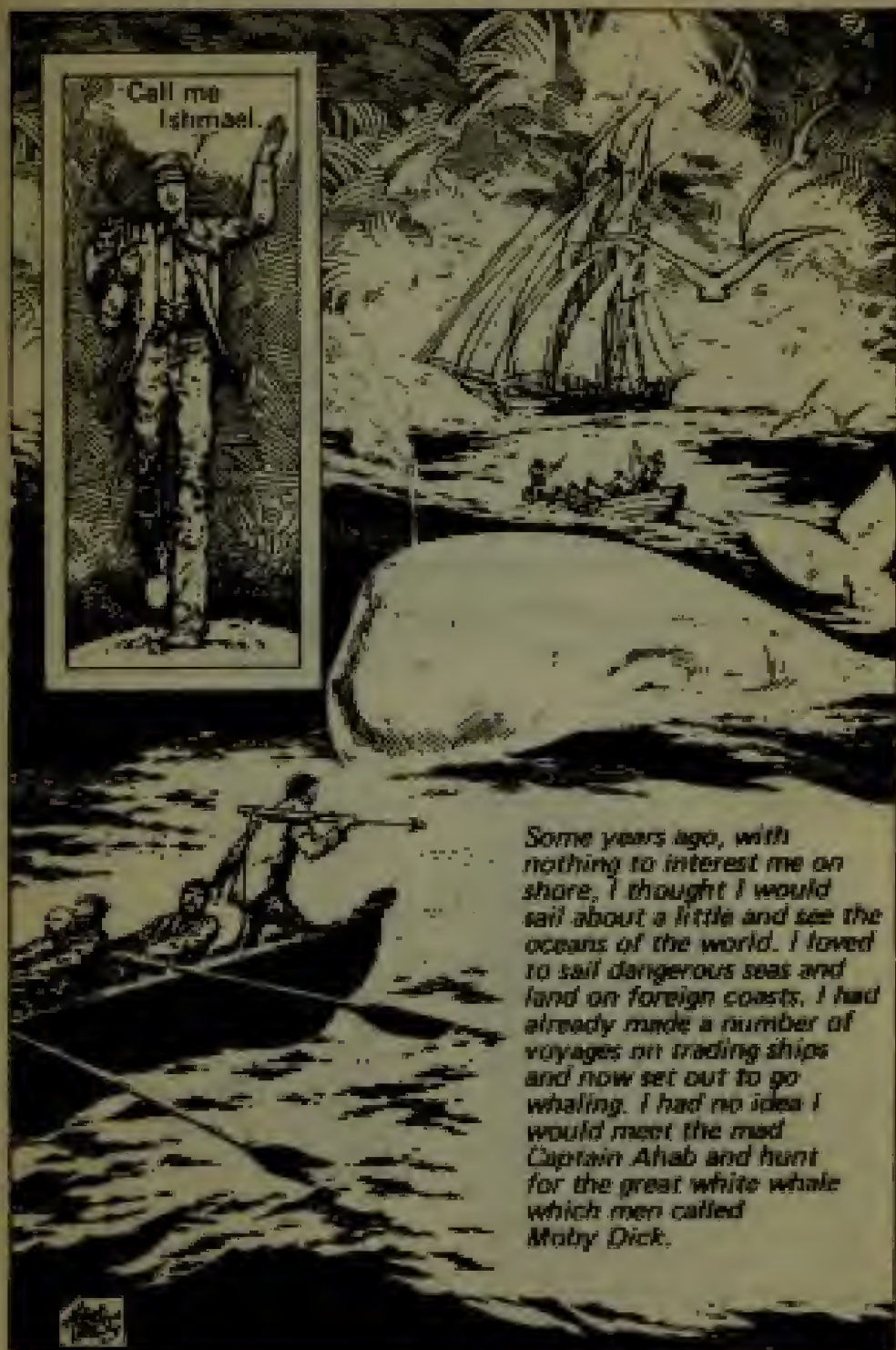
Captain
Ahab

Ishmael

Moby Dick

Queequeg

Scubb



Some years ago, with nothing to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the oceans of the world. I loved to sail dangerous seas and land on foreign coasts. I had already made a number of voyages on trading ships and now set out to go whaling. I had no idea I would meet the mad Captain Ahab and hunt for the great white whale which men called Moby Dick.

POCKET CLASSICS

I landed in New Bedford on a Saturday night in December. I was very unhappy to learn that the boat for Nantucket had already sailed. There was no way of reaching Nantucket until Monday.



What a bitter night! I must find somewhere to stay.

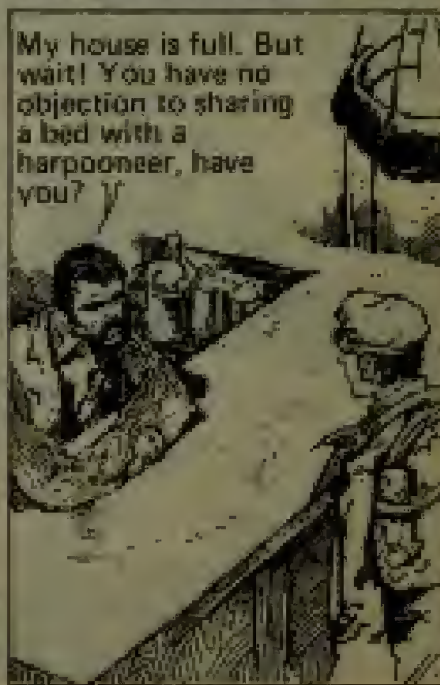
I soon came to an inn.

Spouter? Coffin! Rather evil sounding—but I'll risk it.



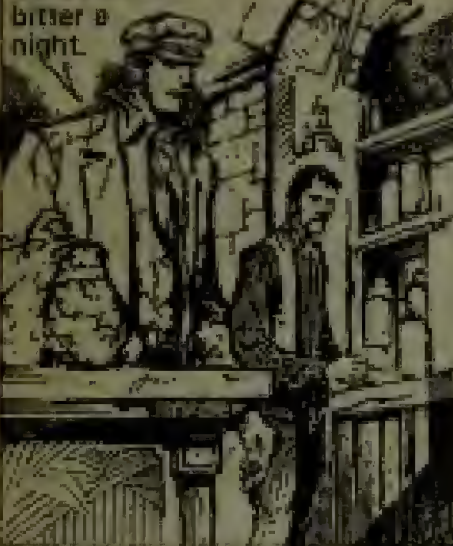
Inside, I found the landlord.

My house is full. But wait! You have no objection to sharing a bed with a harpooneer, have you?



Moby Dick

I'll share with any good man, rather than walk about on so bitter a night.



All right. Take a seat. You want supper?

Where is that harpooneer? Is he here?



He'll be here before long.

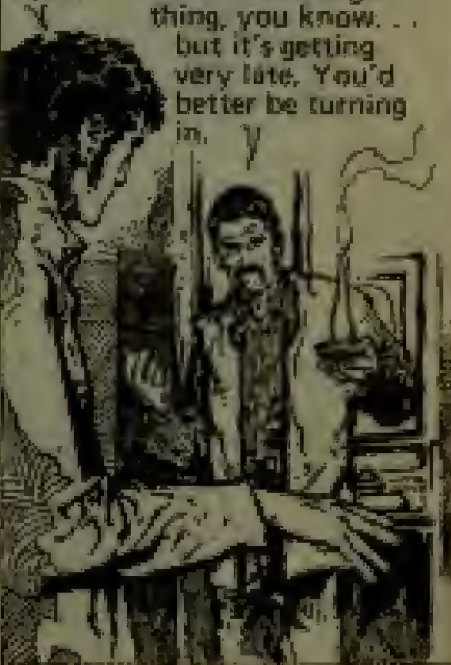
But at twelve o'clock the harpooneer still hadn't come in.

Landlord! Does he always keep such late hours?



No, but tonight he went out selling, and maybe he can't sell his head.

His head?



It's just a shrunken head. . . a strange thing, you know. . . but it's getting very late. You'd better be turning in.

POCKET CLASSICS

I took the landlord's advice. But I had not been asleep long before I awakened and...



First he prayed to a stone god. Then, undressing, he lit up a tomahawk which he used as a pipe.



Putting out the lamp, he jumped into bed.



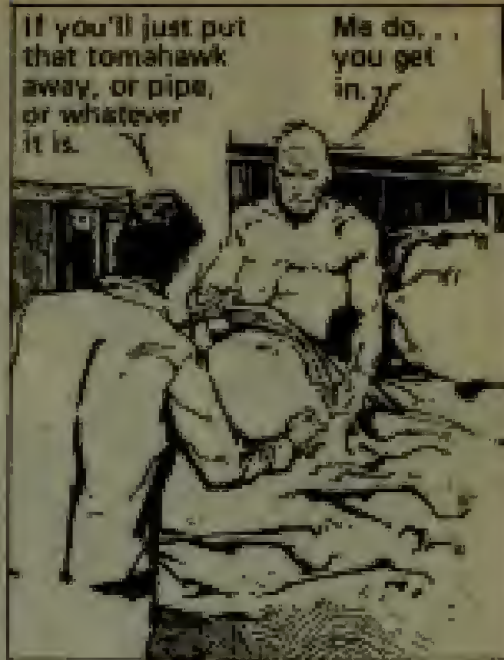
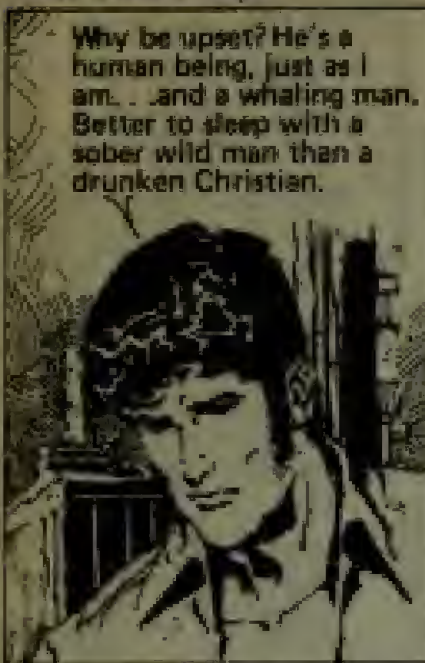
Why didn't you tell me he was a wild man?

Don't be afraid. Queequeg wouldn't harm a hair of your head.



Moby Dick

After some thought.



POCKET CLASSICS



Returning to the inn, we had a friendly smoke together.



We friends.
We go whaling
together.



Moby Dick

And so, on Monday, we took the boat to Nantucket.



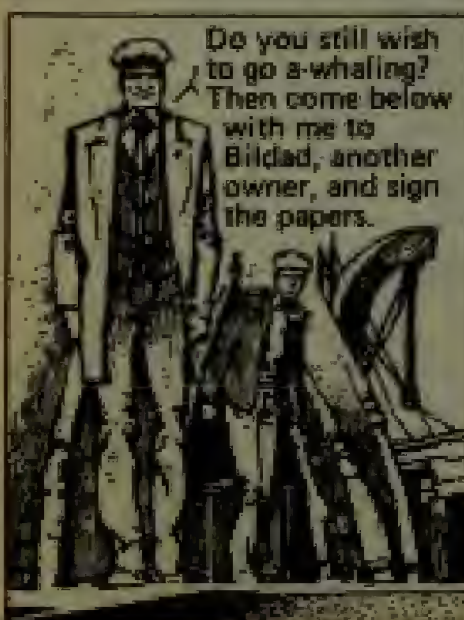
In Nantucket, Queequeg asked his stone god, Yojo, for help.

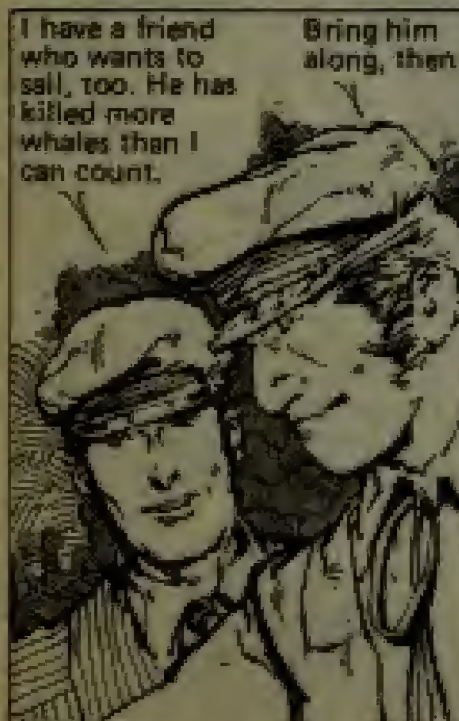
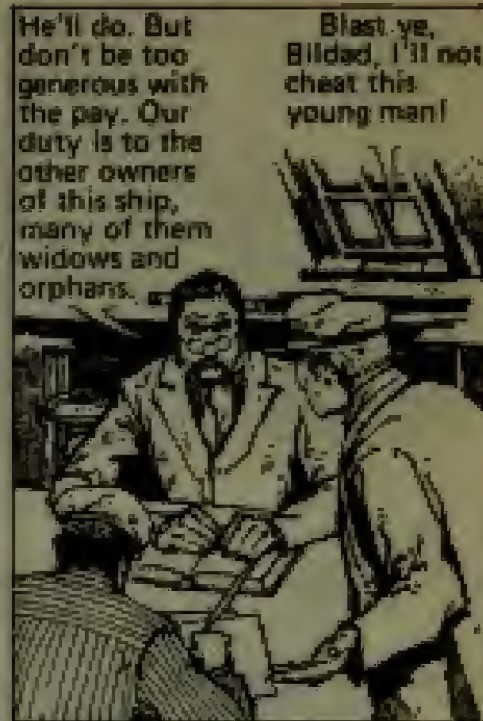


And so I set out among the many ships. Of the ships in port, I picked the Pegond. On deck, in a tent supported by whale bone, I found Captain Peleg, a Quaker and owner of one of the boats.

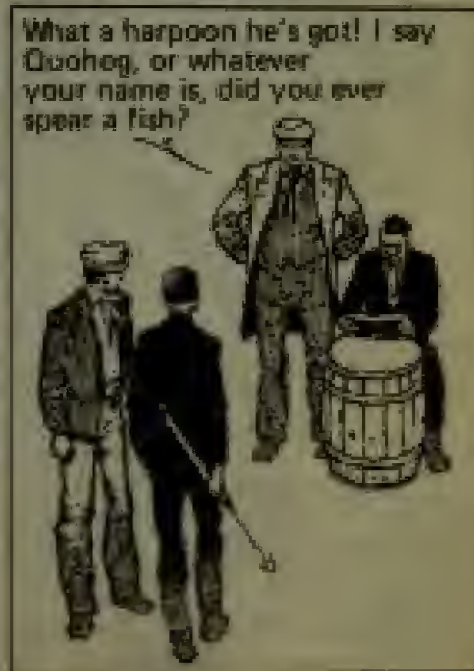


POCKET CLASSICS





And so, the next day. . .



POCKET CLASSICS

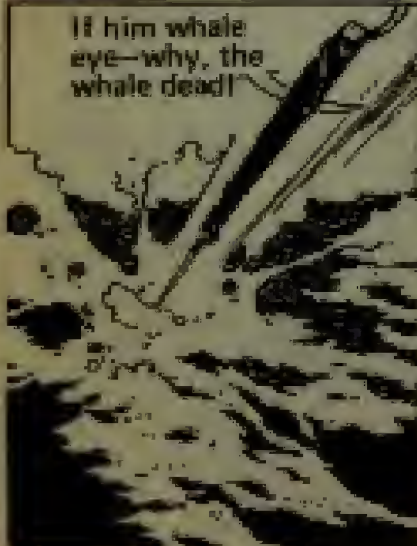
Queequeg jumped into a whale-boat hanging at the side.



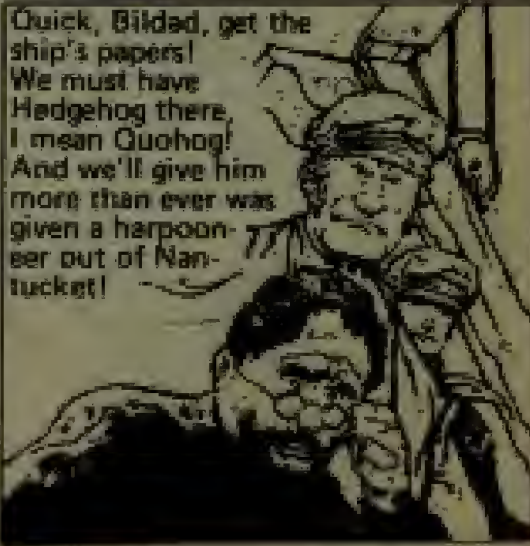
You see small drop of tar on water. Suppose it whale eye. Watch then!



If him whale eye—why, the whale dead!



Quick, Bildad, get the ship's papers! We must have Hedgehog there, I mean Quohog! And we'll give him more than ever was given a harpoon-er out of Nantucket!



Moby Dick

As we left the ship we met an old sailor.

Have you signed up with that ship? And have you seen Captain Ahab?



We haven't. They say he's sick, but will soon be all right.

Hal! When Captain Ahab is all right, then this left arm of mine will be all right, not before!



Come Queequeg... this fellow is crazy.

Morning to you, shipmates... and God pity you! God pity you!



For several days we were very busy on the Pequod. Supplies for a three years' voyage were brought on board the ship.



POCKET CLASSICS

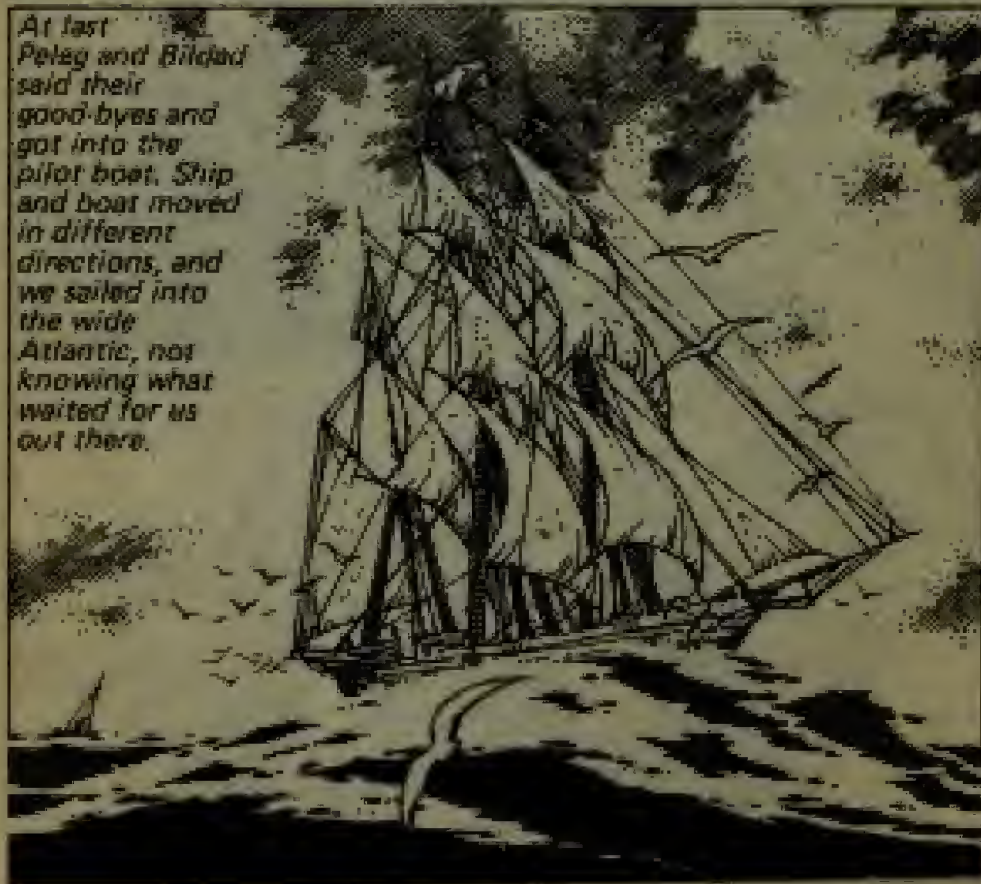
Then, on a cold Christmas day, we sailed, with Bildad and Peleg to lead us out of the port.

*Man the anchor!
Blood and thunder...
Jump!*

Move it, you men! Pull and lift it, you men. Heave, thou Quohog!



At last Peleg and Bildad said their good-byes and got into the pilot boat. Ship and boat moved in different directions, and we sailed into the wide Atlantic, not knowing what waited for us out there.

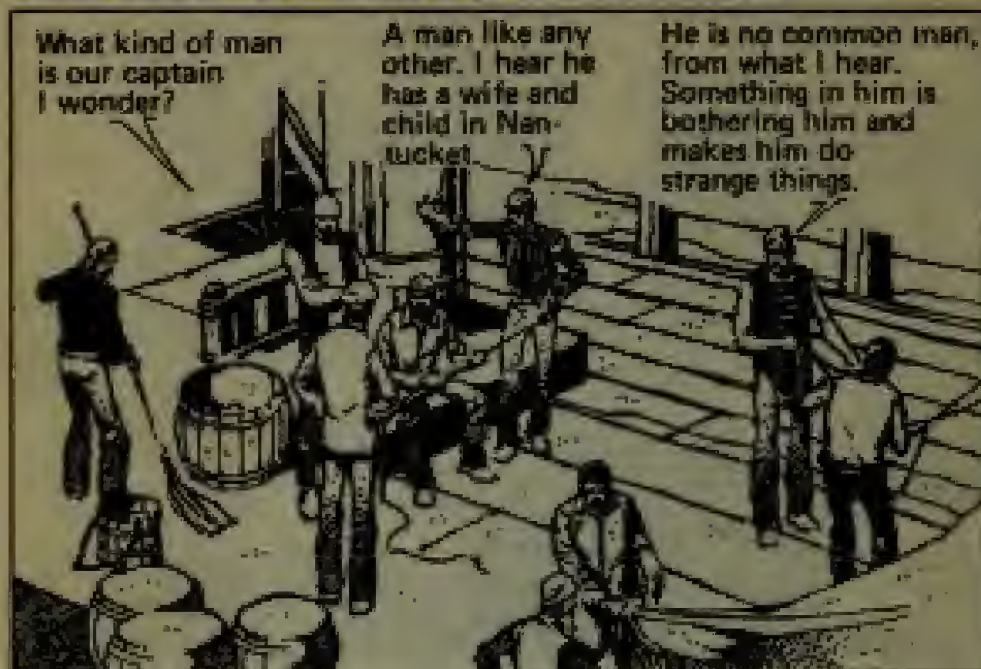


Moby Dick



POCKET CLASSICS

But for several days nothing was seen of Captain Ahab.



What kind of man
is our captain
I wonder?

A man like any
other. I hear he
has a wife and
child in Nan-
ucket.

He is no common man,
from what I hear.
Something in him is
bothering him and
makes him do
strange things.

*Then one day, I saw him
on the quarter-deck.
Something about him made
me afraid.*



Aye, he's
frightful enough
... as if filled with
a great problem.

You men on top
of the mastheads,
there! Look sharp
... there are whales
around here! If you
see a white one,
yell the signal.

A white whale?
... there's
something
special in the
wind,
something
strange!



Moby Dick

Not long after, Ahab gave an order usually only for emergencies. . . .

Send everybody to the rear!

Sir? Yes, sir, everybody to the rear.



The entire ship's company came together.

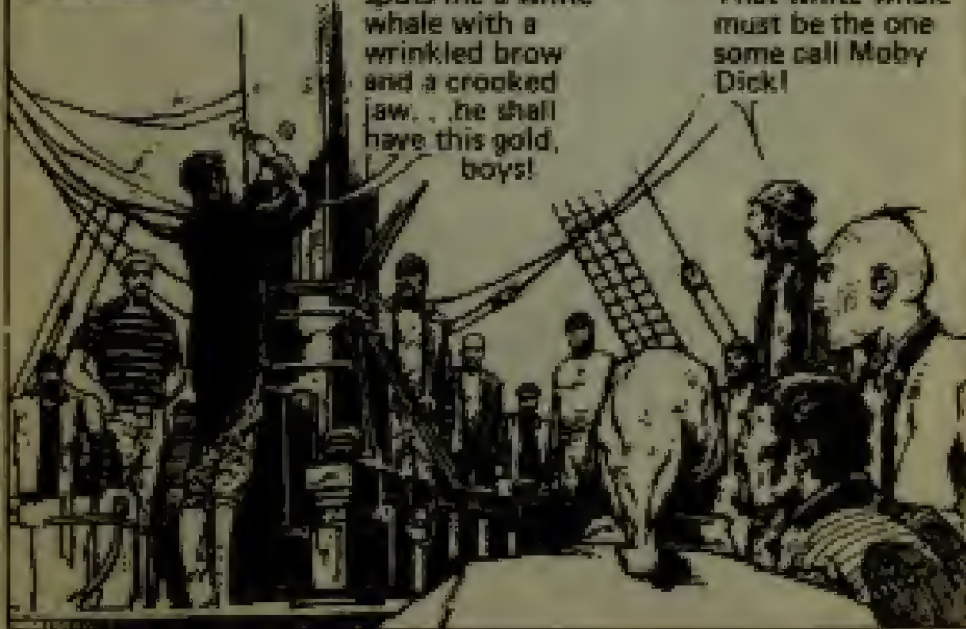
You have heard me give orders about a white whale. Look you! Do you see this coin of gold?



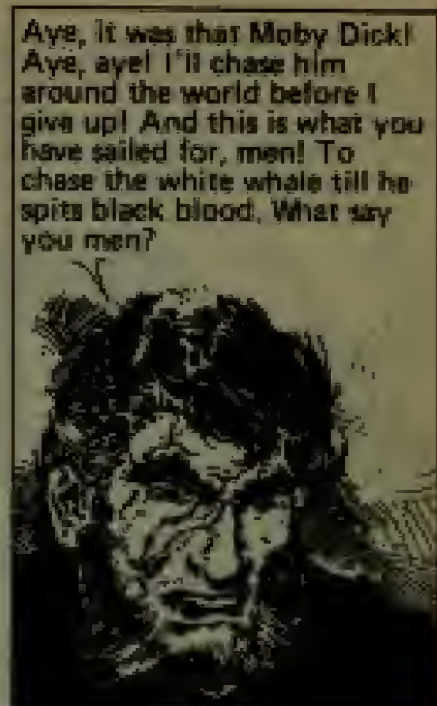
He nailed the coin to the main mast.

Whosoever of you spots me a white whale with a wrinkled brow and a crooked jaw. . . he shall have this gold, boys!

That white whale must be the one some call Moby Dick!

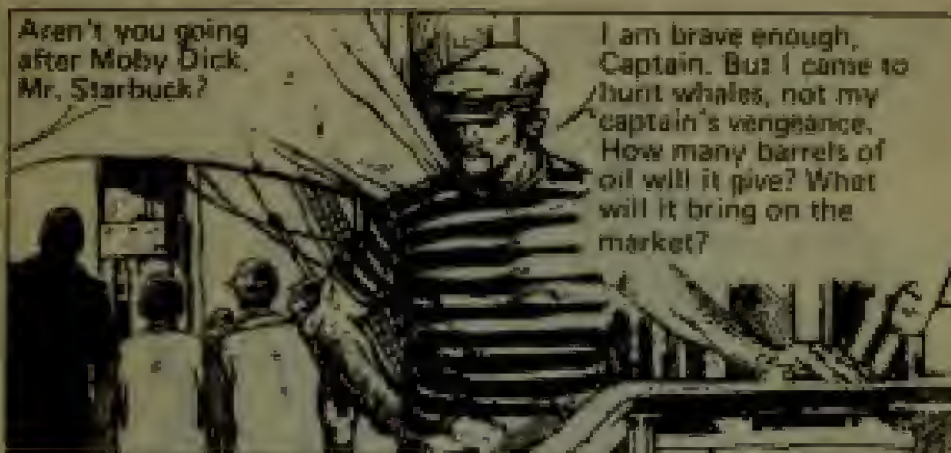


POCKET CLASSICS



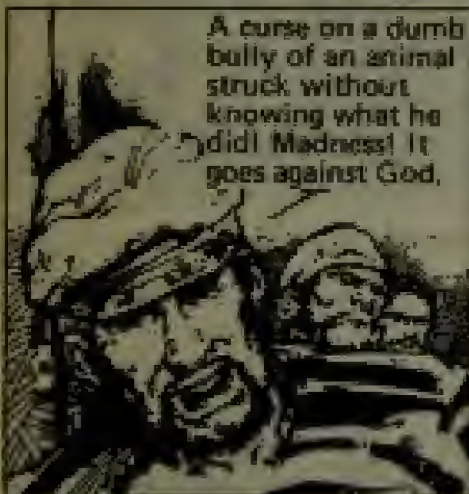
Moby Dick

Aren't you going after Moby Dick, Mr. Starbuck?



I am brave enough, Captain. But I came to hunt whales, not my captain's vengeance. How many barrels of oil will it give? What will it bring on the market?

A curse on a dumb bully of an animal struck without knowing what he did! Madness! It goes against God,



Don't talk to me of God, man! I'd strike the sun if it insulted me! Some strange unknown power struck at me through the whale. . . shall I not strike back?



Ah, the barrel of rum! Drink men, and pass it on!



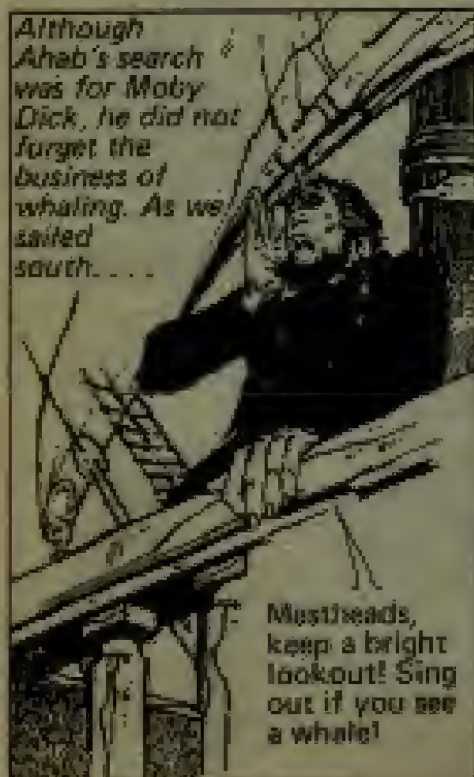
POCKET CLASSICS



Drink well, me men!
Drink and promise
death to Moby Dick!

Death to
Moby Dick!

God keep me!
God keep us all!



Although
Ahab's search
was for Moby
Dick, he did not
forget the
business of
whaling. As we
sailed
south. . . .

Mastheads,
keep a bright
lookout! Sing
out if you see
a whale!

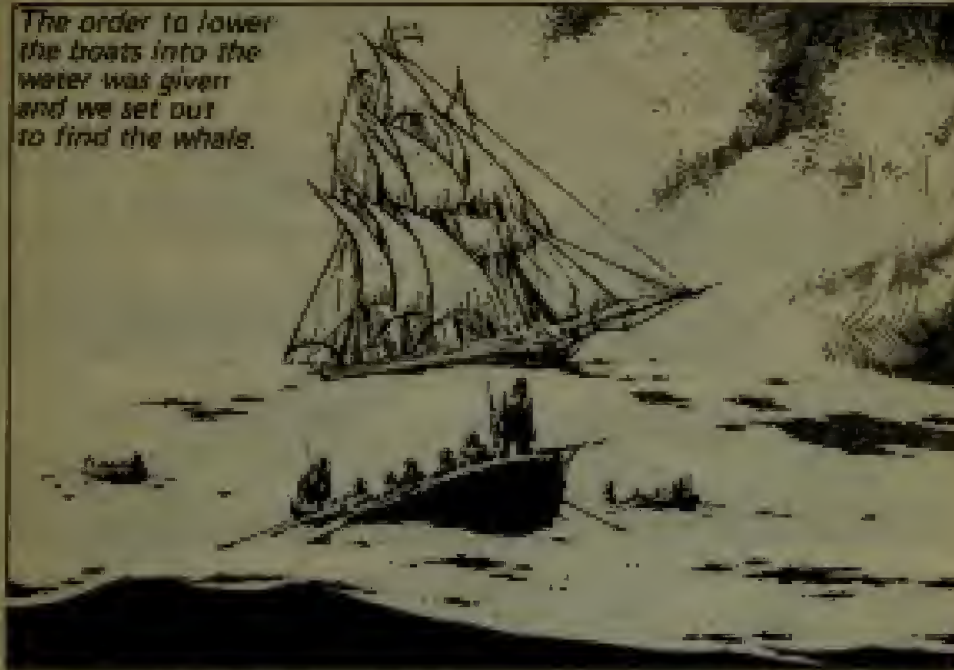
And one cloudy afternoon. . . .



There she blows!
There she blows!
She blows!

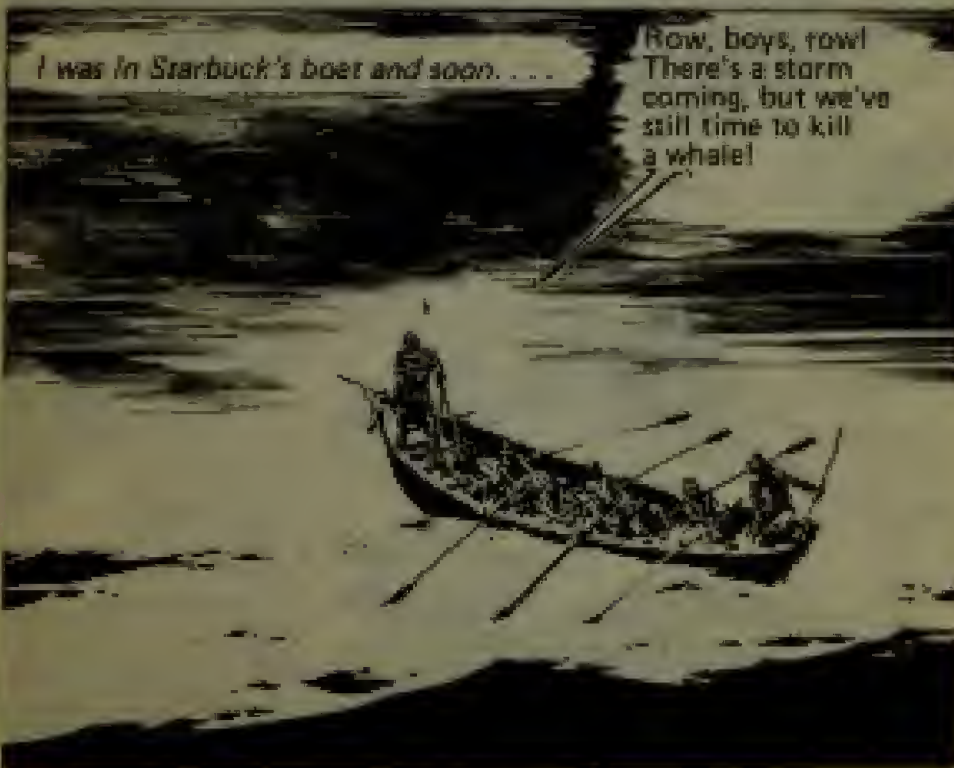
Moby Dick

*The order to lower
the boats into the
water was given
and we set out
to find the whale.*



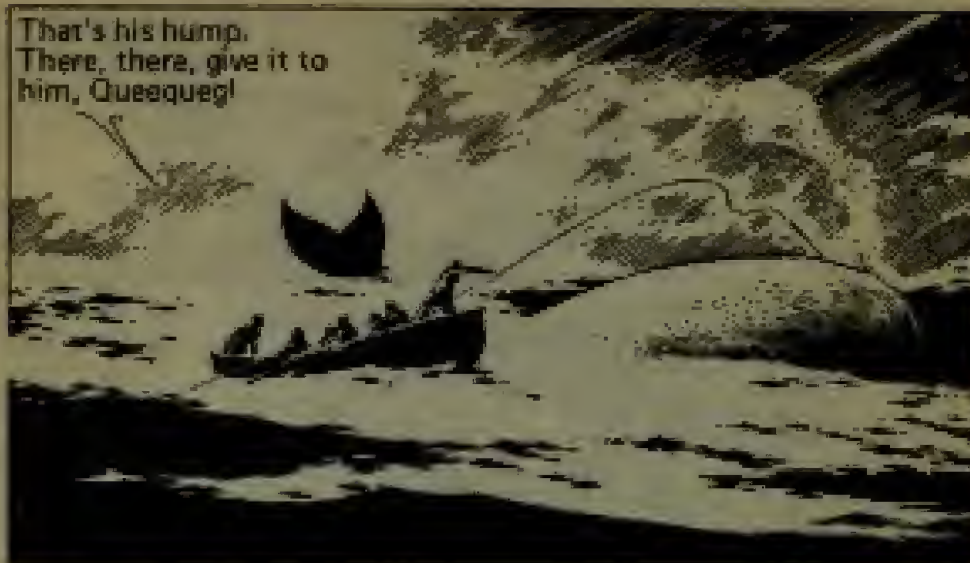
I was in Starbuck's boat and soon. . . .

Row, boys, row!
There's a storm
coming, but we've
still time to kill
a whale!



POCKET CLASSICS

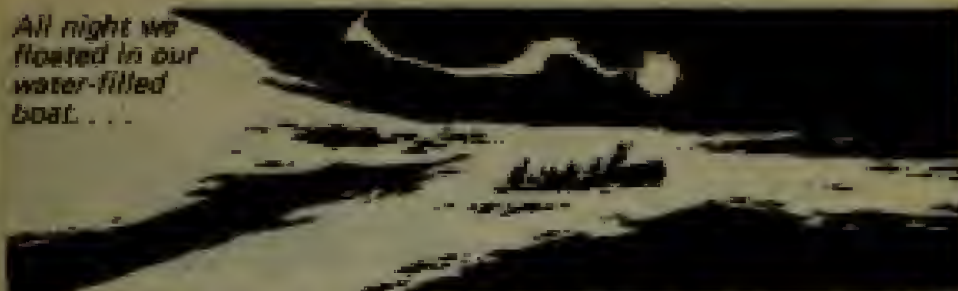
That's his hump.
There, there, give it to
him, Queequeg!



*The storm
struck. The
whale rolled
like an earth-
quake under
us and escaped.*

Moby Dick

All night we
floated in our
water-filled
boat. . . .



At dawn. . . .



Look out
men! Jump!

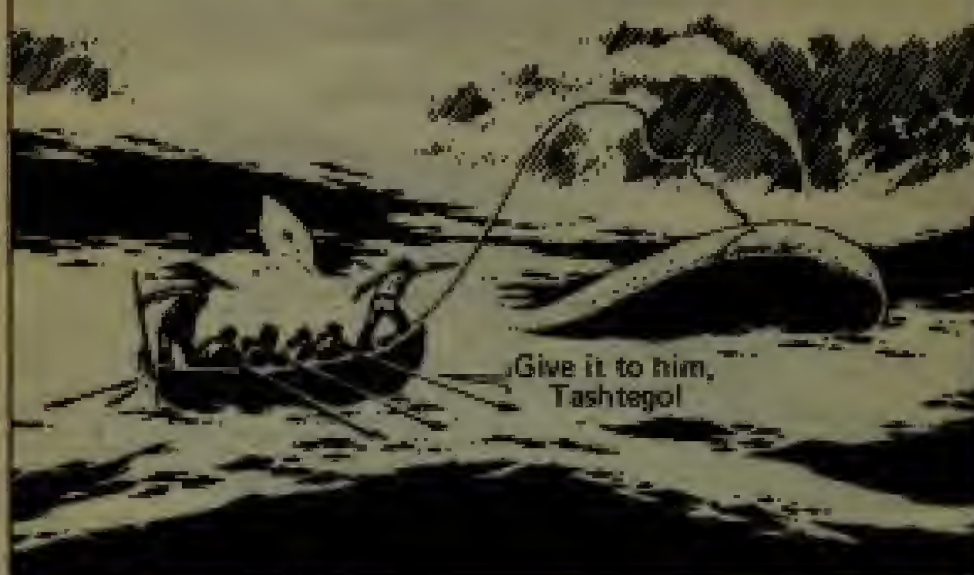


Our own ship had hit us in
the dark but we
were quickly
rescued.



POCKET CLASSICS

But there were other days, and other whales. On one chase, Stubb's boat led the rest.



*Give it to him,
Tashtegol*

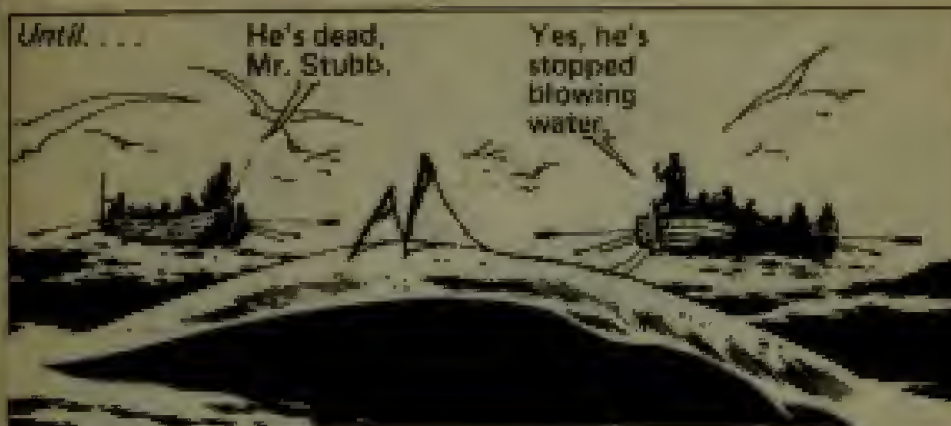
*Changing places with the
harpooner, Stubb dug his
spear into the whale.*



*The whale
went into its
flurry, churning
the water. . . .*



Moby Dick

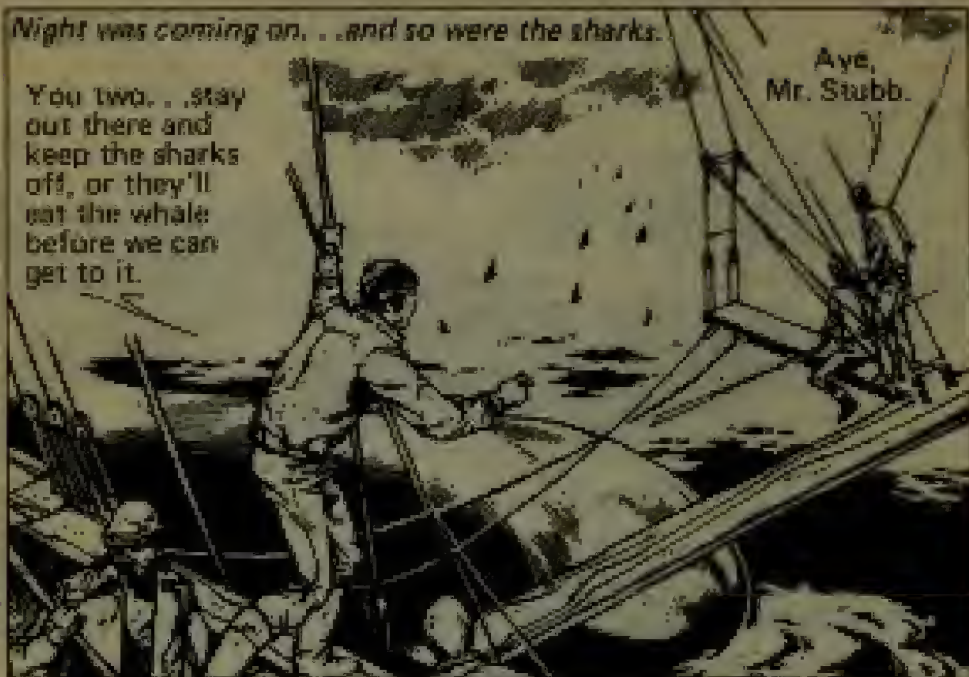


POCKET CLASSICS

Night was coming on. . . and so were the sharks.

You two. . . stay
out there and
keep the sharks
off, or they'll
eat the whale
before we can
get to it.

Aye,
Mr. Stubb.



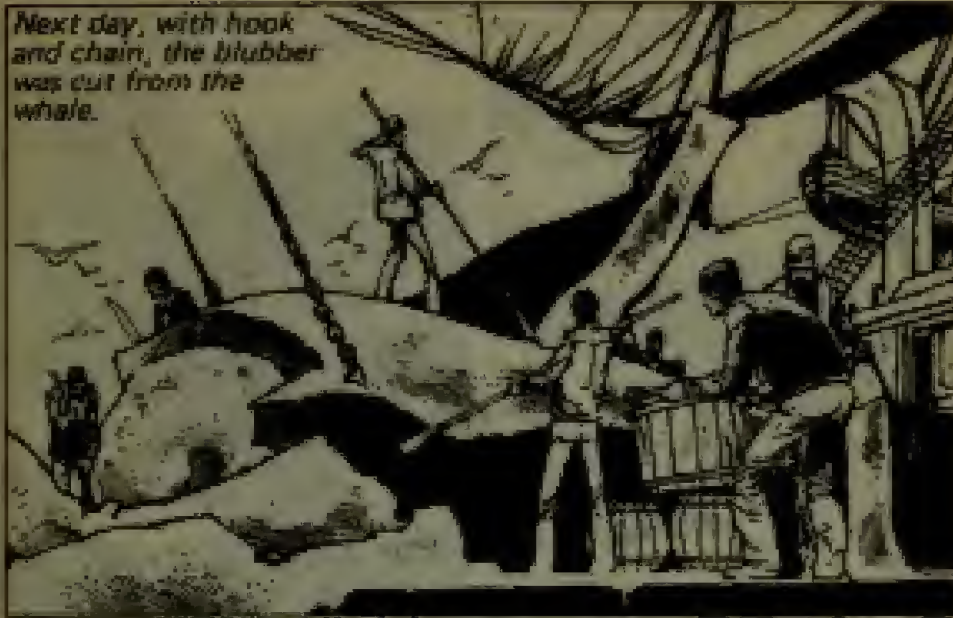
*And so, all that
night. . .*

Blast you sharks!
Look for your
dinner somewhere
else.

Ka-lal!
Koo-lool!
Ma kill-ee!



Next day, with hook and chain, the blubber was cut from the whale.



The peeled white body was cut loose and drifted away.



The blubber was cut into smaller pieces!



POCKET CLASSICS

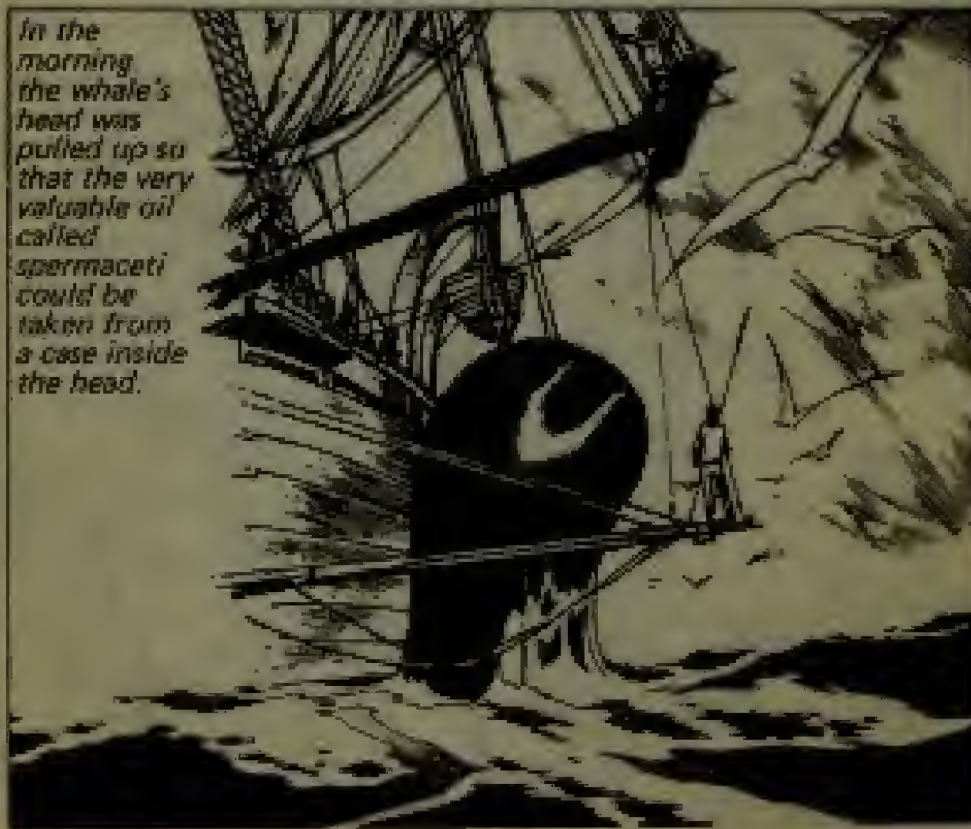
Then the blubber was boiled down into oil in a large pot.



At night, in the darkness, the ship seemed to be on fire.



In the morning the whale's head was pulled up so that the very valuable oil called spermaceti could be taken from a case inside the head.



Moby Dick

Tashtego climbed on top of the head and dug a hole with a sharp spade.



He pushed a bucket into the hole with a long pole.



Time and again the bucket was lifted up to the deck, where the oil was emptied into a tub.

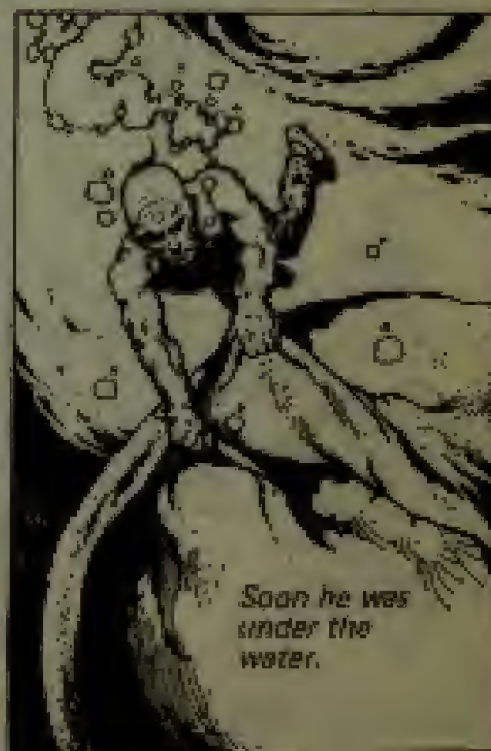
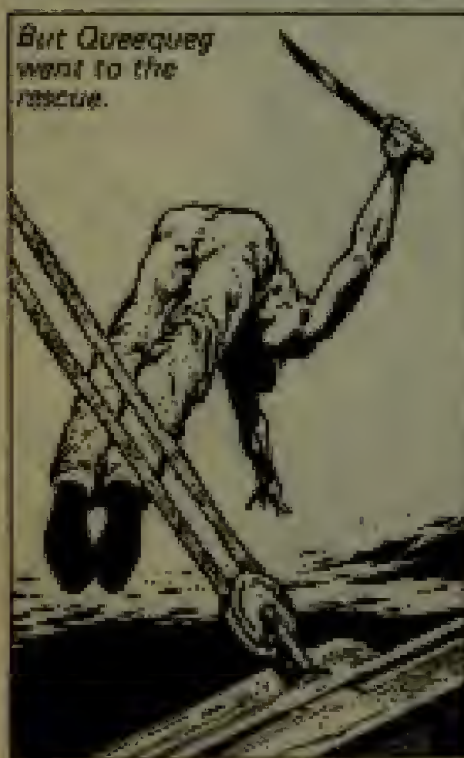


Then... a slip of the foot... and...

H-help!



POCKET CLASSICS



Moby Dick



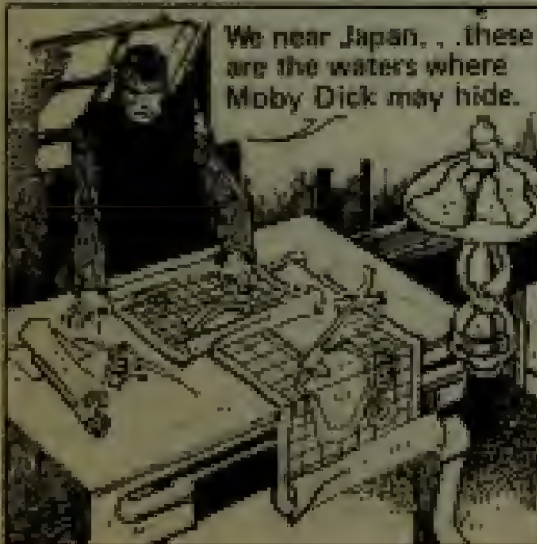
In a few moments...



Look, he's got him!

Many a whale did we catch as we sailed southward, but Ahab had only one thought.

He heard a footstep at the door, and...



We near Japan... these are the waters where Moby Dick may hide.



Who's there?

It is I, Starbuck, Captain Ahab.

POCKET CLASSICS

Sir, oil is leaking from some barrels in the hold. We must stop and...

What? Stop here for a week to repair old barrels.



If we do not, we will waste more oil in a day than we may get in a year. What will the owners say?

Owners? What do I care about the owners. Go on deck!



A better man than I might well pass over in you what he would resent in a young man. Aye, and in a happier man, too.

Do you dare to think wrongly of me? Get on deck!

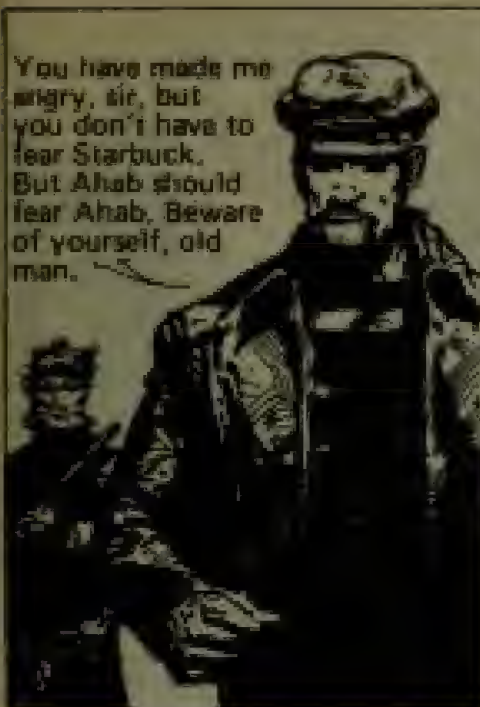


Grabbing a loaded gun, Ahab aimed at Starbuck.

There is one God that is Lord over the earth, and one captain that is Lord over the Pequod. Now I order you to get on deck.



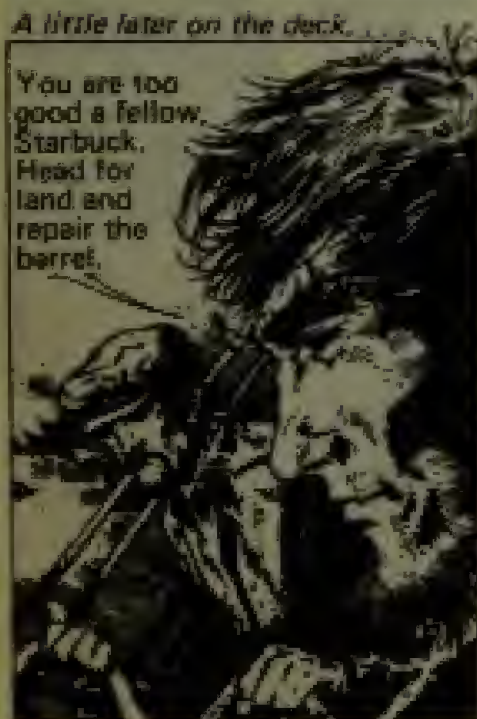
Moby Dick



You have made me angry, sir, but you don't have to fear Starbuck. But Ahab should fear Ahab. Beware of yourself, old man.

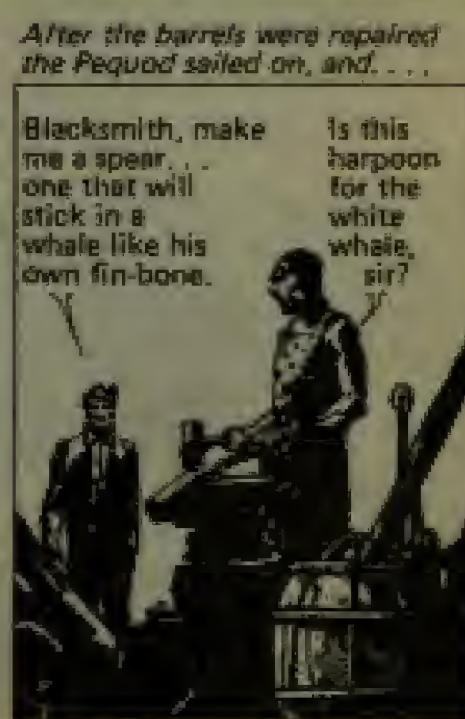


What's that he said? Ahab, beware of Ahab. . .there's something true about what he says.



A little later on the deck. . .

You are too good a fellow, Starbuck. Head for land and repair the barrel.

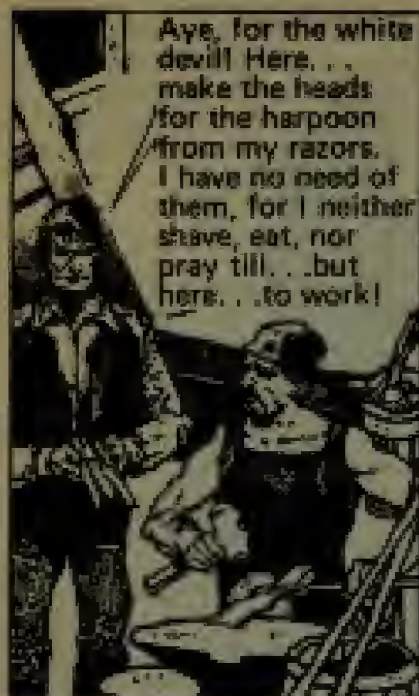


After the barrels were repaired the Pequod sailed on, and. . .

Blacksmith, make me a spear. . . one that will stick in a whale like his own fin-bone.

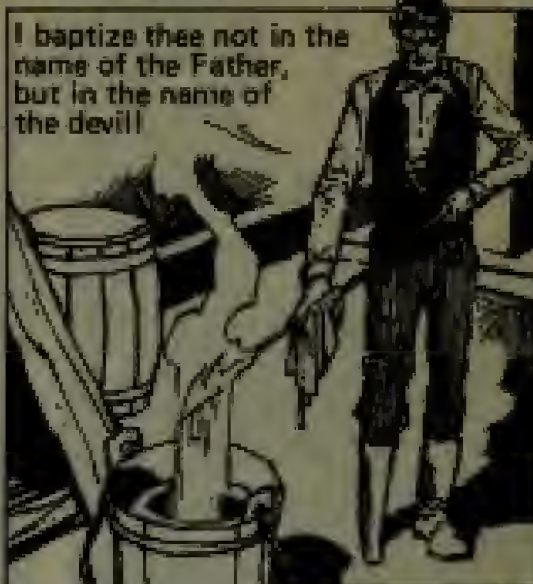
Is this harpoon for the white whale, sir?

POCKET CLASSICS



Aye, for the white devill! Here. . . make the heads for the harpoon from my razors. I have no need of them, for I neither shave, eat, nor pray till. . .but here. . .to work!

Ahab made the harpoon ready, not in water, but in blood drawn from the harpooners.



I baptize thee not in the name of the Father, but in the name of the devil!

As we sailed in the Japan seas, a storm broke on us from a cloudless sky.



Moby Dick

By night, the ship's sails were torn. The sky and sea rocked with thunder and lightning.



As the men worked to save the ship. . .



The metal and three pointed lightning rods on the masts glowed with a silent flame. Seamen called this the St. Elmo's fire.

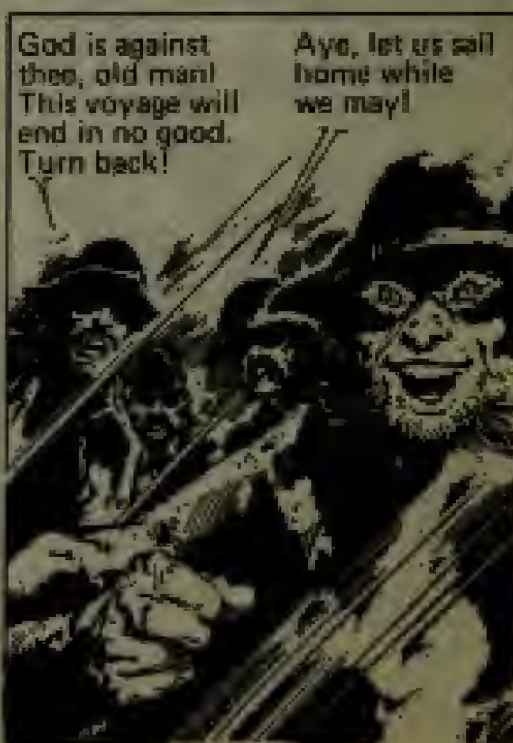
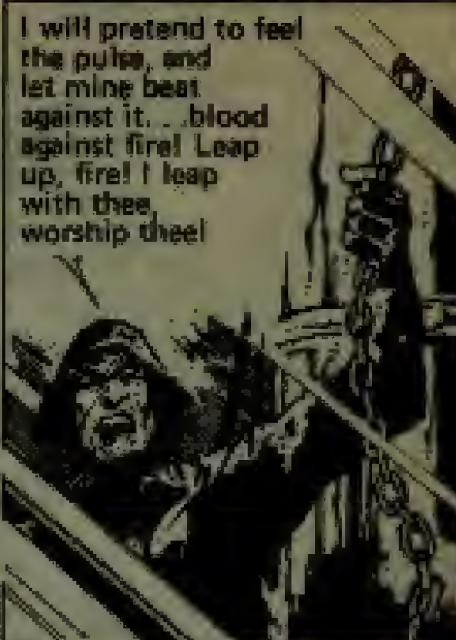


POCKET CLASSICS

Although the men had all seen this kind of thing before, they watched, frozen in their shoes.



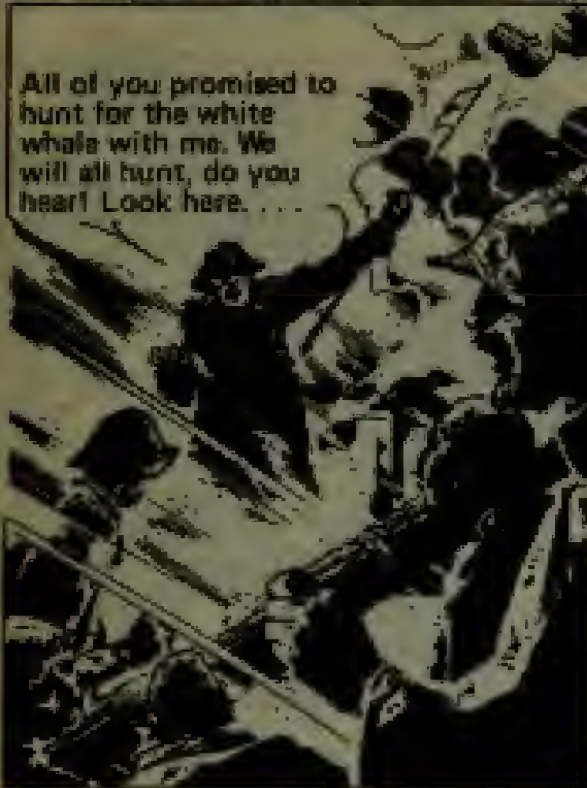
Ahab held the chain of the main-mast lightning rod.



Moby Dick

But Ahab held the burning harpoon!

All of you promised to hunt for the white whale with me. We will all hunt, do you hear! Look here. . .



With one breath he blew out the flame.

Thus I blow out the last fear!



The storm ended, and some hours later Starbuck went to Ahab's cabin to report that new sails had been put up and the ship was again on course.



He sleeps within.
Shall I wake him
...to drag us all
to our doom?

He would have shot me. . .with this very gun!



POCKET CLASSICS

Shall I let this
crazy old man bring
us all to our
death? Would I
be a murderer if, . . .
if, . . .



*Then within the stateroom,
Ahab cried out in his
sleep.*

Stern all! Oh,
Moby Dick, I
hold your
heart at last!



No. . . no, I cannot. . .
even though any day I
may sink with all the
crew to the bottom
of the sea.



*Sailing on, the Pequod met the
Rachel, another whaler from
Nantucket.*

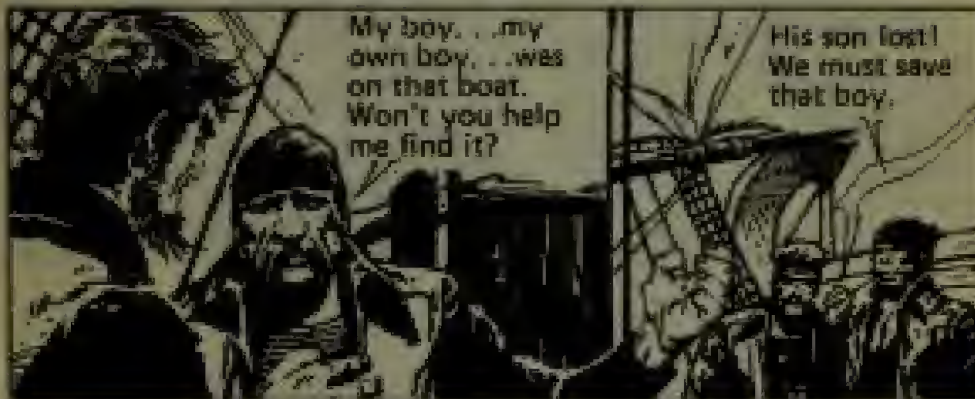


Have you
seen the
white
whale?

Aye,
yesterday.

Moby Dick

The captain of the Rachel came aboard the Pequod.



BOOK CLASSICS

The captain went back to the ship, to continue the search. I watched her as we sailed off away. . . .



They haven't found the lost boy. . . I doubt they ever will.

A few days later. . . .



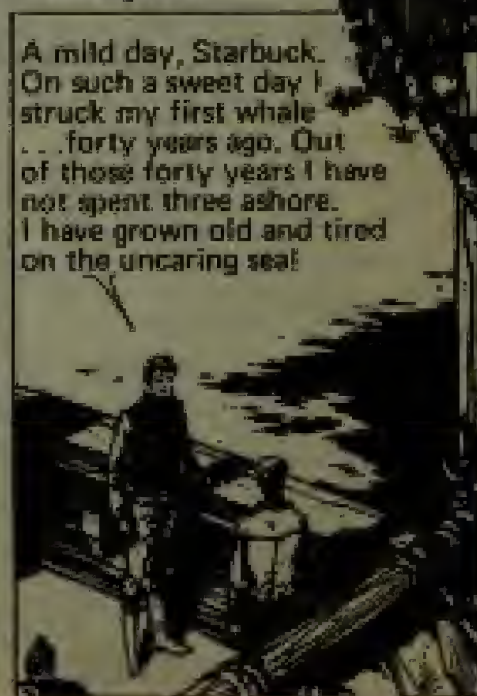
Moby Dick is around here. I must have the first sight of him myself! Make me a seat and raise me to the masthead!

From his high seat on top of the mast Ahab watched the sea.



Show yourself, you monster! Ahab challenges Moby Dick!

Not long after. . . .



A mild day, Starbuck. On such a sweet day I struck my first whale . . . forty years ago. Out of those forty years I have not spent three ashore. I have grown old and tired on the uncaring sea!

Moby Dick

So little time have I spent on land. . . my wife's been alone since I wed her. What a forty years' fool has old Ahab been!



In your eyes, as in a magic glass, I see my home. . . and yours! Stay aboard the Pequod when Ahab gives chase to Moby Dick! The danger shall not be yours. You shall live to see home again!



Oh, my captain! Give up the chase of that hated monster! Let us turn back, and you, too, shall see home again!

Some nameless thing keeps me here. Some hidden lord and master drives me on. . . I dare not turn back.

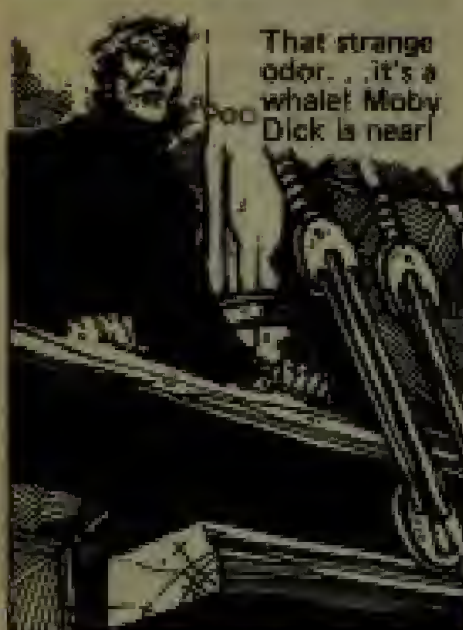


Silently, without hope, Starbuck slipped away.



POCKET CLASSICS

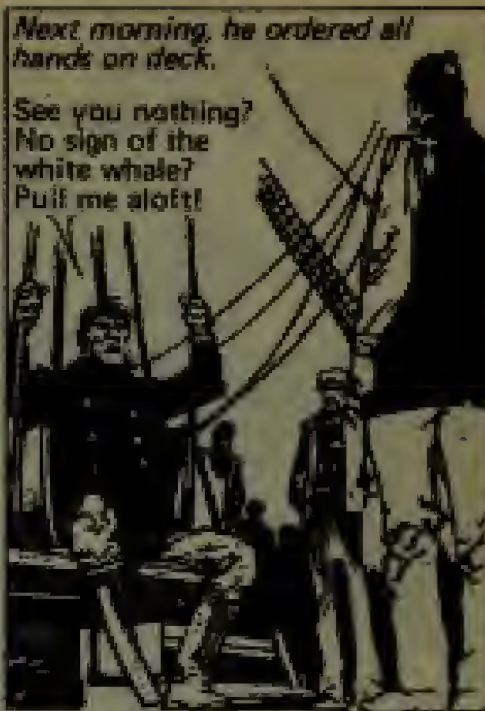
*That night, Ahab suddenly
smelled the sea air. . . .*



That strange
odor. . . it's a
whale! Moby
Dick is near!

*Next morning, he ordered all
hands on deck.*

See you nothing?
No sign of the
white whale?
Pull me aloft!



*As he was
pulled up
the main mast. . . .*

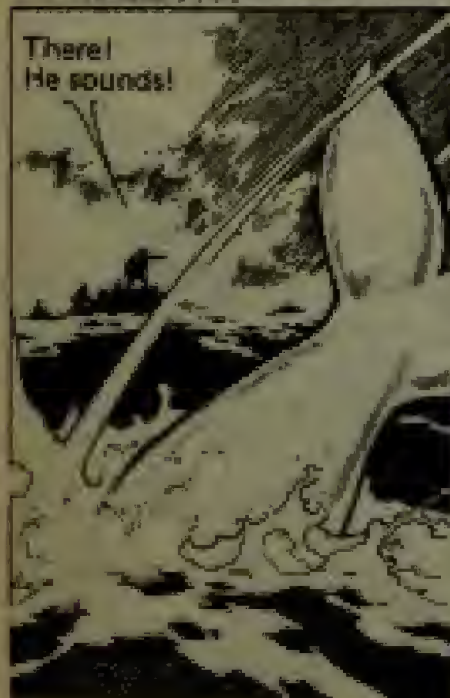


There she blows! A
hump like a snow-hill!
It is Moby Dick! I
saw him first! The
gold coin is mine!
Lower me. . . quick!

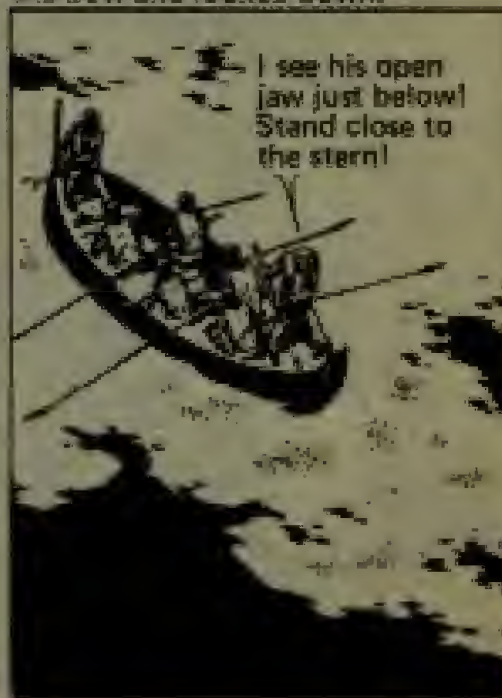
Moby Dick



*As the boats raced toward
the monster, . . .*



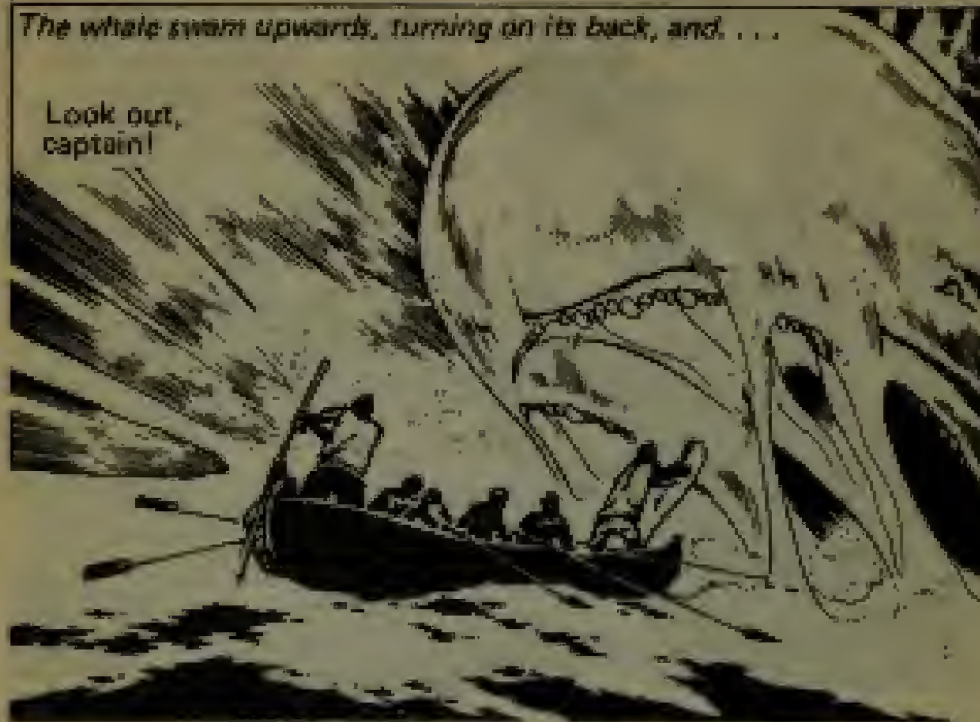
*Changing places, Ahab went to
the bow and looked down.*



POCKET CLASSICS

The whale swam upwards, turning on its back, and . . .

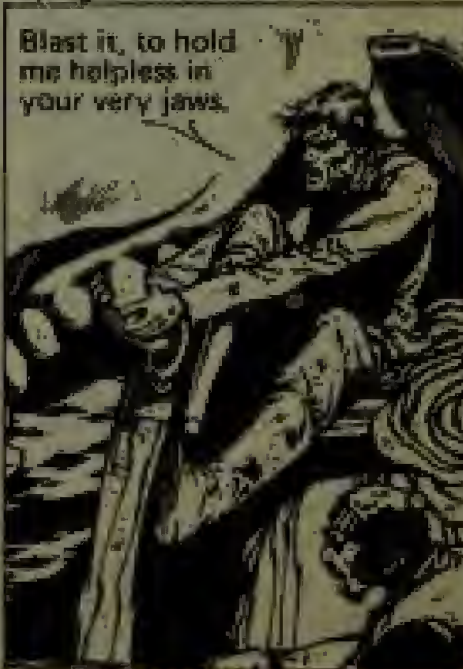
Look out,
captain!



*His jaws slowly closed on the
boat. . .but one of his teeth
caught on an oarlock.*

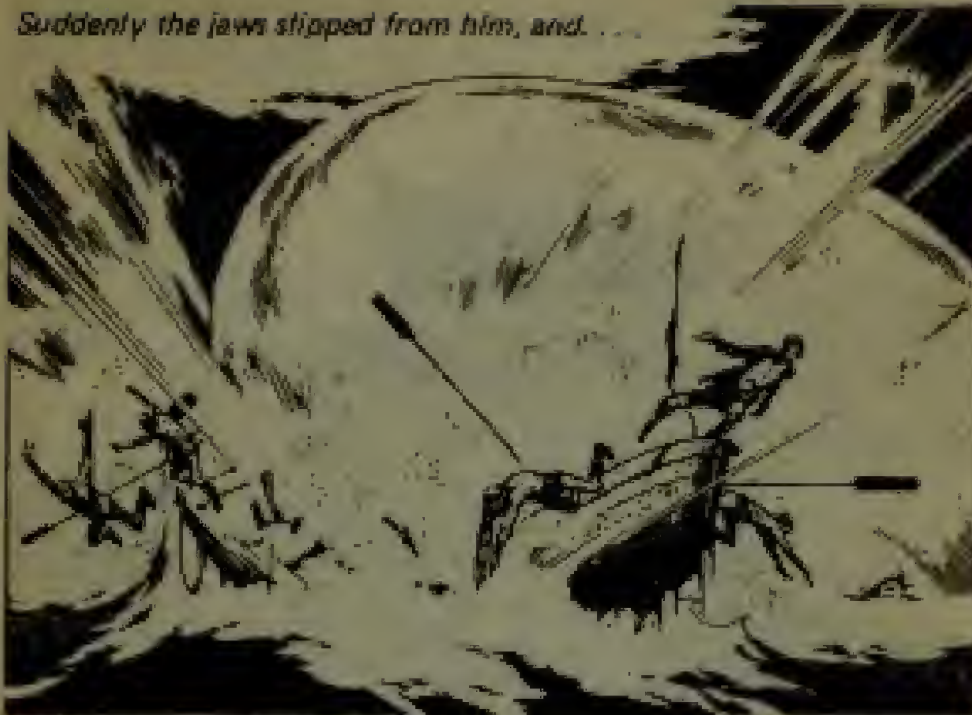


*Ahab grabbed the long tooth
trying to work it free.*



Blast it, to hold
me helpless in
your very jaws.

Suddenly the jaws slipped from him, and . . .



The whale caused the water to turn so that Ahab barely kept above it.



Then the Pequod, which had been standing by, sailed up.



Sail on the whale! Drive him away!

POCKET CLASSICS

The whale was driven off, and the boats flew to the rescue.

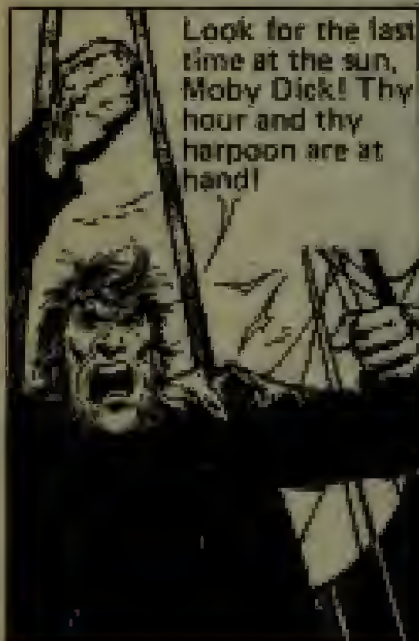


Next day, Ahab again sighted the whale.

There she blows! There she blows in the waves!

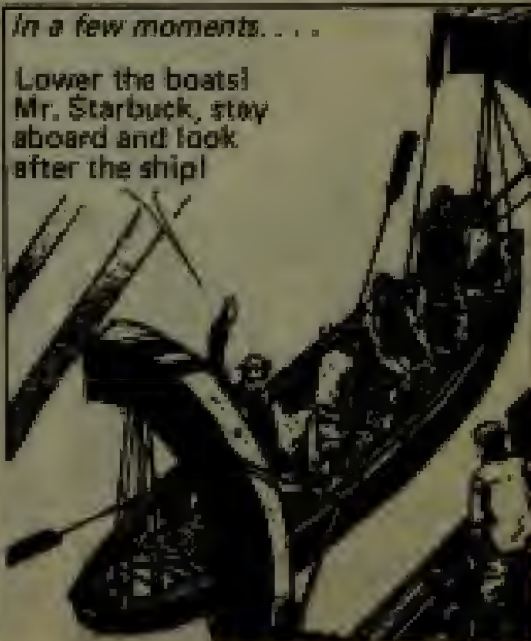


Look for the last time at the sun, Moby Dick! Thy hour and thy harpoon are at hand!

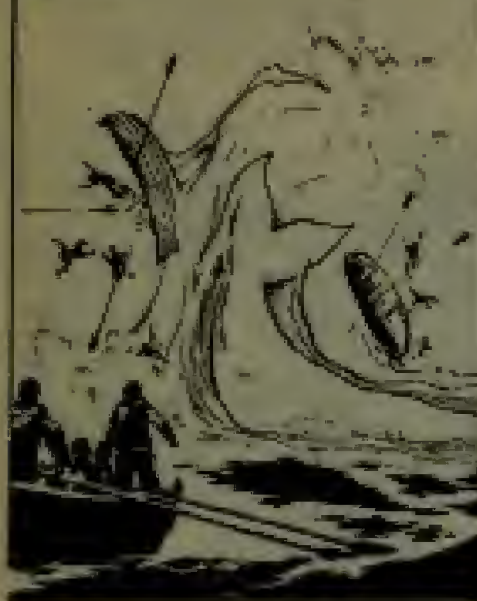


In a few moments. . . .

Lower the boats! Mr. Starbuck, stay aboard and look after the ship!



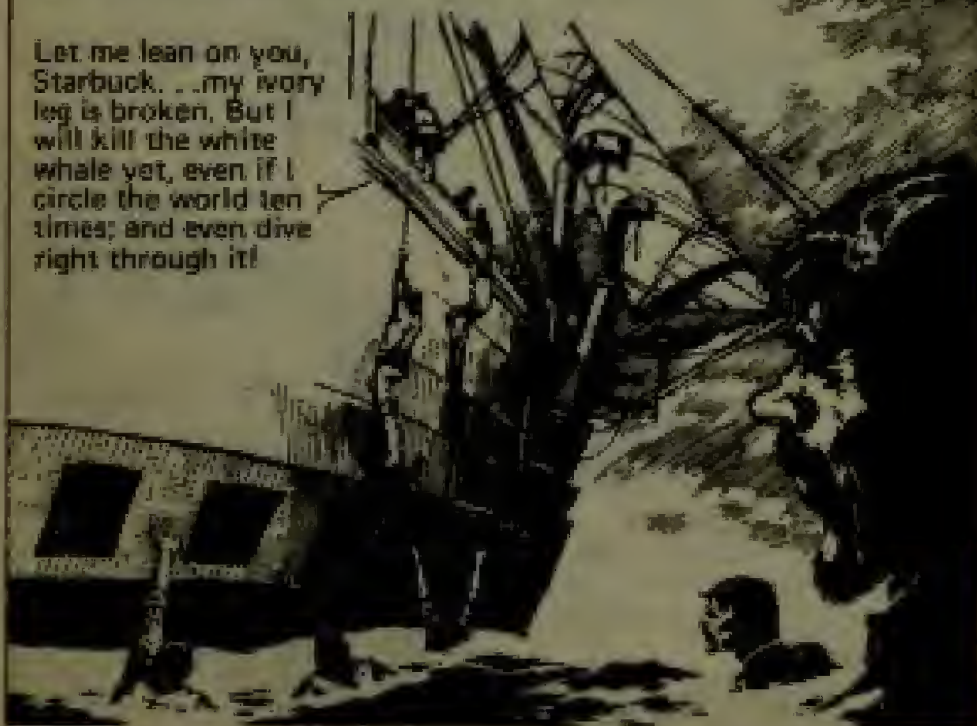
This time the whale rushed at the boats. . . .



. . . then dashed his head against the bottom of Ahab's boat.

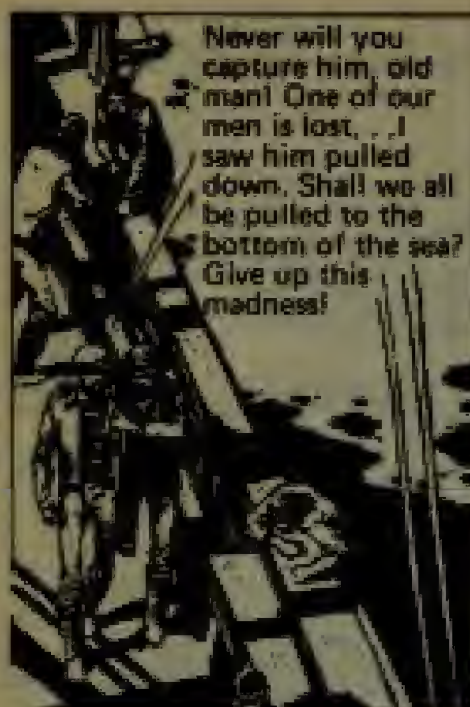


Again the Pequod rescued the men and boats.

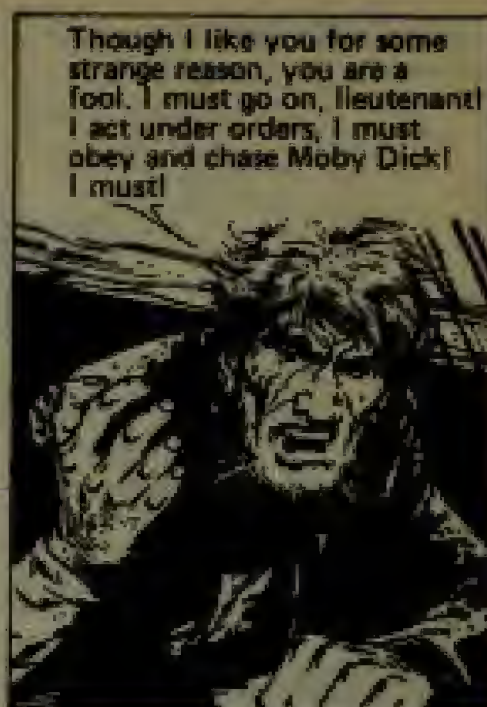


Let me lean on you, Starbuck. . . my ivory leg is broken. But I will kill the white whale yet, even if I circle the world ten times; and even dive right through it!

POCKET CLASSICS



Never will you capture him, old man! One of our men is lost, . . . I saw him pulled down. Shall we all be pulled to the bottom of the sea? Give up this madness!



Though I like you for some strange reason, you are a fool. I must go on, lieutenant! I act under orders, I must obey and chase Moby Dick! I must!

The next day the weather was clear. After an hour's watching. . . .



There! She blows! I meet thee, this third time, Moby Dick!

Again Ahab gave the order for the chase, and, . . .



Starbuck! For the third time my ship starts upon this voyage!

Aye, sir, you will have it so.

I am old. . .
shake hands
with me, man.

Oh, my captain!
Do not go! See,
it's a brave man
that weeps.



I go! Lower
away! Stand
by the crew!



*As the boats started forward, Moby Dick
turned the water furiously.*



POCKET CLASSICS

Rushing head on, the whale overturned two boats, but left Ahab's almost without a scar.



While the two boats were brought aboard the ship to be repaired, Ahab's boat, alone, chased the whale.

The sharks are
chewing up
the oars!

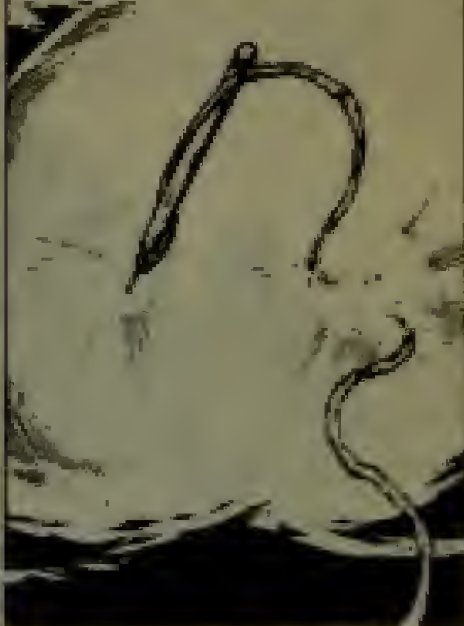
They will last
long enough!
Pull on!



With a curse, Ahab threw the harpoon.



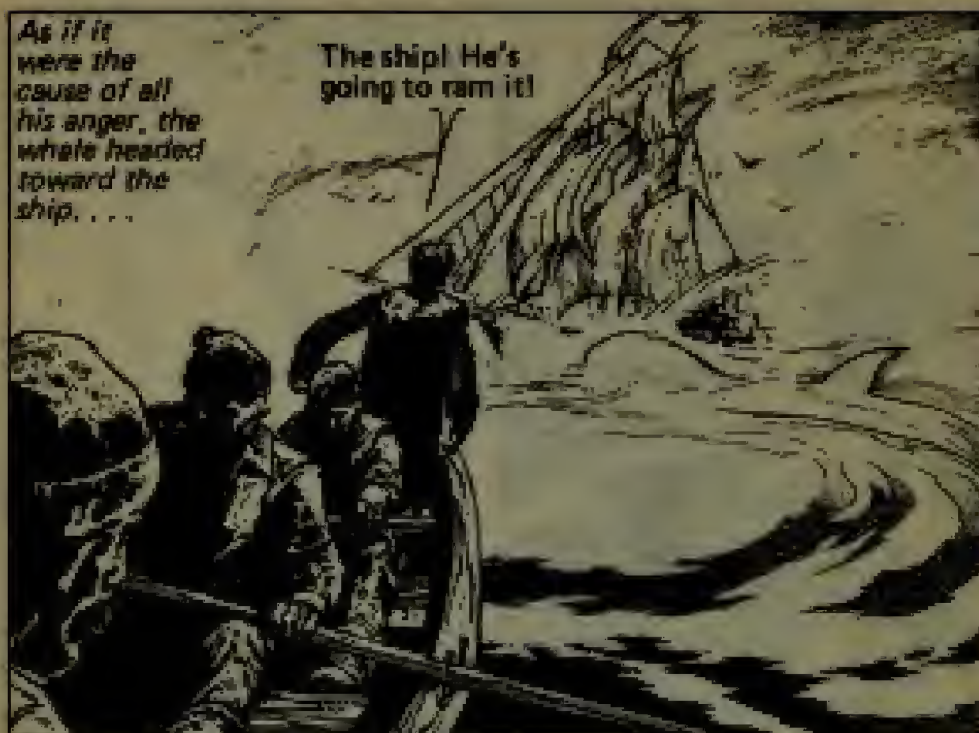
It sank deep, but the whale pushed on, and the line snapped.



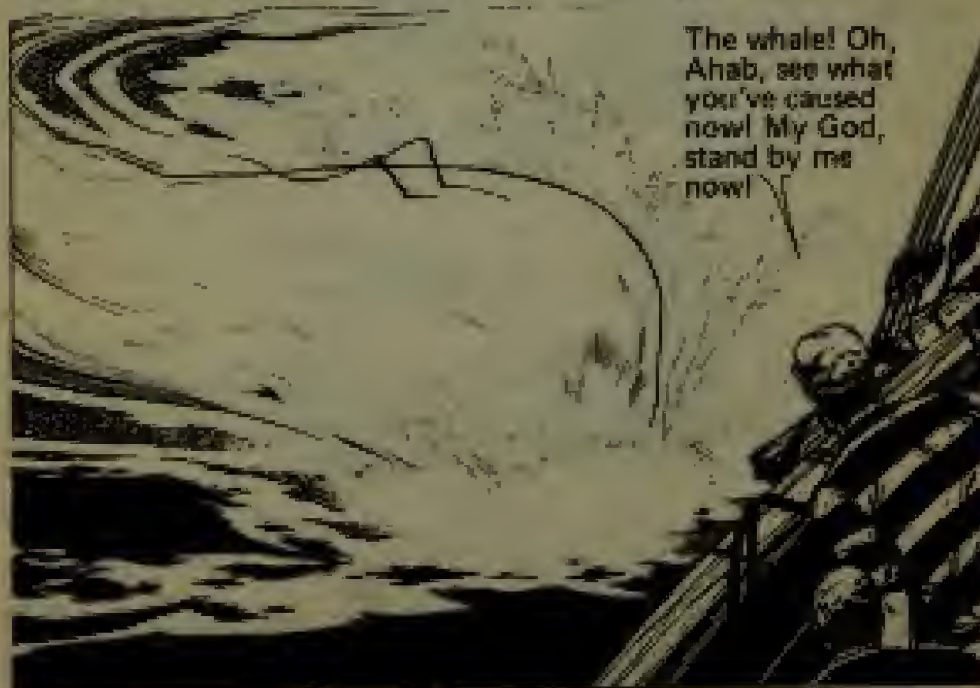
Suddenly, as the Pequod sailed up, the whale turned toward the ship.



POCKET CLASSICS



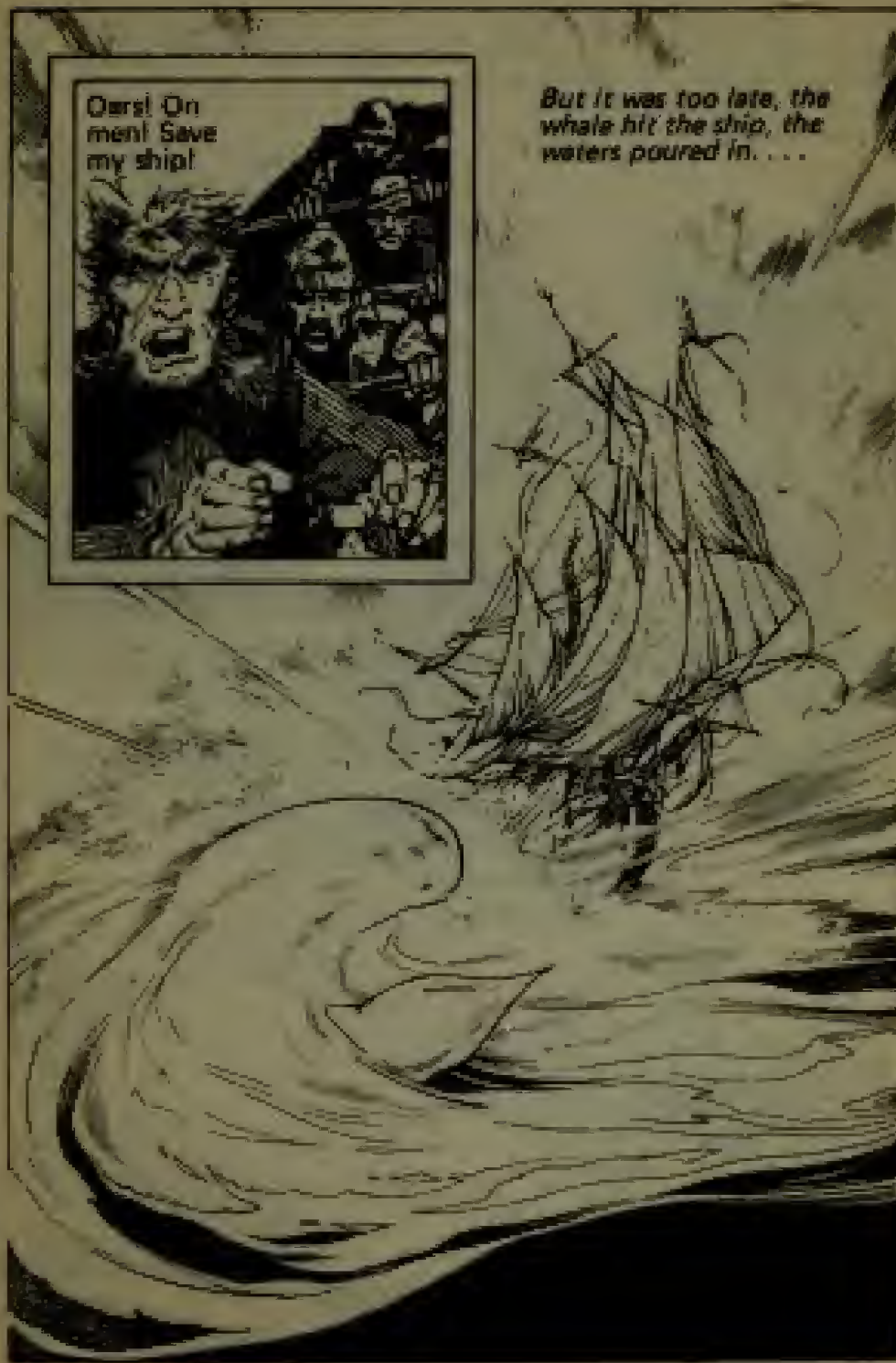
The men on the Pequod saw the monster coming at them.



Oars! On
men! Save
my ship!



*But it was too late, the
whale hit the ship, the
waters poured in. . . .*

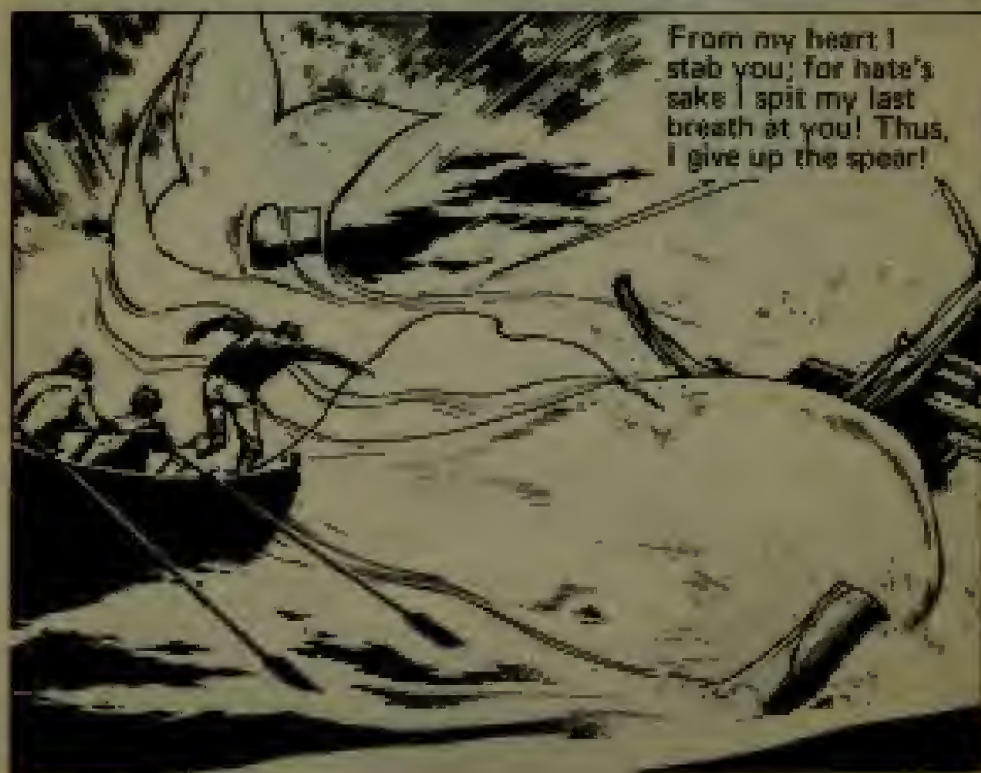


POCKET CLASSICS

Death to my ship! Must she die?
And without me? Am I not able
to go down with my ship as is the
wish of all brave captains? Oh
lonely death after a lonely life.

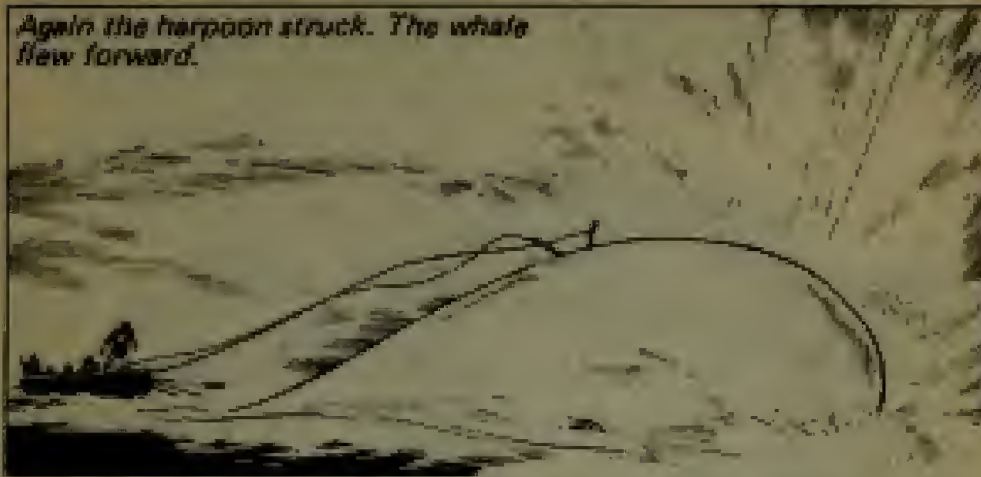


Ho! Towards you I come,
you monster whale. To
the end of my life I will
fight with you.



From my heart I
stab you; for hate's
sake I spit my last
breath at you! Thus,
I give up the spear!

*Again the harpoon struck. The whale
flew forward.*



*The line got tangled, Ahab bent to
clear it, but the flying turn
caught him around the neck.*



*He was shot out of the boat, and
disappeared into the waves.*



POCKET CLASSICS

For an instant the boat's crew stood, as though in a trance.

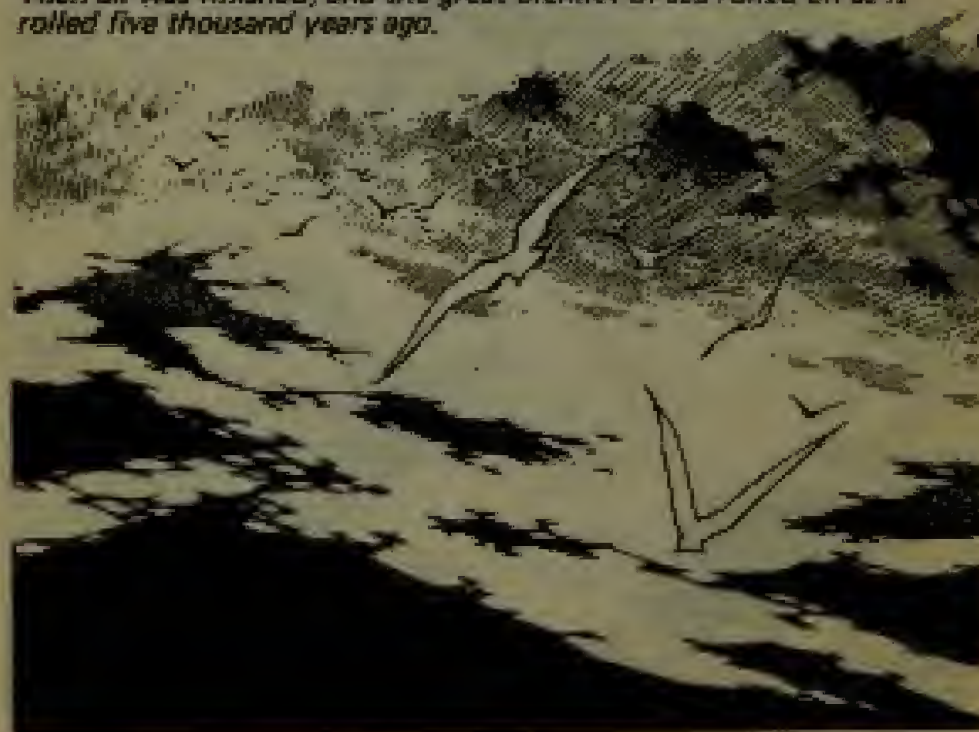
Great God,
where is the
ship?



The ship, too, was disappearing into the ocean. And now drawn by the suction of the sinking ship, the small boat and all in it, and the smallest chip of the Pequod, were carried out of sight under the waves.



Then all was finished, and the great blanket of sea rolled on as it rolled five thousand years ago.



The
story is
done. But
one did
live through
the wreck. . .
I, Ishmael.



On the second day, a sail drew near. It was the Rachel, that in her search after her missing children, only found another orphan.



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POCKET

Moby Dick

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